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THE
ATALANTIS Reviv'd:
BEING, A
Select Collection of NOVELS,
OF
Illustrious PERSONS of both Sexes.
Taken from the best AUTHORS who have
wrote on this SUBJECT.

In TWO VOLUMES.

CONTAINING,

- | | |
|--|---|
| I. The Amours of <i>Saliman</i> and <i>Tahiga</i> . | VI. <i>Margaret of Parma</i> . |
| II. The <i>Queen</i> and the <i>Castilian</i> . | VII. The <i>Cordeliers</i> , or the Merry Escape. |
| III. The King of <i>Naples</i> , and his Rival. | VIII. The jealous Husband out-witted. |
| IV. The Adventures of <i>Amourdo</i> and <i>Florinda</i> . | IX. The Dutchess, or the Constant Lovers. |
| V. The Duke of <i>Mayne's</i> Gallantries. | X. The Dutchess of <i>Mazarine</i> . |
| | XI. <i>Villamediana</i> . |

VOL. I.

— *Qui amant, ipsi sibi somnia fingunt.*

K.
VIRG. ECLOG.

By R. THOMPSON.

LONDON:

Printed for Charles Corbett, at Addison's Head against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet-street; and Tho. Harris at the Looking-Glass and Bible on London-Bridge. 1745.

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W. Musgrave.

see the "Key" - at the beginning of
the 2^d Volume of this work -





TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE

* * * * *

Madam,



S the Amours of the
Great, and the Il-
lustrious will always
afford Amusement and Re-
creation, to the Polite and
Witty ; two Qualities for
which your Ladyship has
A been

DEDICATION.

been particularly distinguished ; a Dedication of this Work, which wholly relates to that Subject, will not, I presume, be disagreeable to your Ladyship ; especially as most of the modern Princes treated of therein, have been your Cotemporaries, if not intimate Acquaintance.

In the exalted Rank which your Ladyship enjoys, you must be delighted with a Review of the youthful Follies of those almost forgotten : For Princes, Madam, have their Follies too, which the World
is

DEDICATION.

is very sensible of; and will continue so; as long as Love can reign, or Beauty smile.

Your Ladyship's generous Turn of Thought, notwithstanding the Rigidness of some of our Divines will overlook the Fickleness with which certain Princes are accused of in this Work; while your Ladyship may justly admire the Constancy of an *English* Princess, and her Lover in the same Piece. I shall think myself happy should I contribute to divert your Ladyship in any of your

A 2 leisure

DEDICATION.

leisure Hours, by laying
these Novels at your Feet,
and have the Honour to
be, with the greatest Re-
gard,

Madam,

Your Ladyship's

*Most Obedient and Most
devoted Humble Servant,*

R. THOMPSON.



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Key to the Duke of MAYNE's Gallantries.

LEWIS XIV. late King of France, and
great Grandfather to the present Lewis
XV.

The Dauphin, Lewis XIV's eldest Son.

*The Duke of Burgundy: The Duke of Anjou,
now King of Spain; and the Duke of Berry,
the present King of France's Father; Sons to
the Dauphin.*

*The Duke of Orleans, the King's Brother, and
Grandfather to the present Duke.*

The Dutchess of Orleans, his Wife.

The Duke of Chartres, his Son.

Mademoiselle de Chartres, his Daughter.

*The old Prince of Condé, the King's Cousin
German.*

The Duke of Anguien, his Son.

The Duke of Bourbon, his second Son.

Mademoiselle de Condé, his Daughter.

Mademoiselle de Bourbon, his Sister.

*The Prince of Conti, the old Prince of Condé's
Nephew.*

*The Prince of Roche-sur-Yon, the Prince of
Conti's Brother.*

*The Duke of Vendome, the King's, illegitimate
first Cousin.*

*Madam la Valiere, the King's first Mistress,
who being cloy'd with Pleasures, retir'd to
the*

Key to the Duke of Mayne's Gallantries.

the Monastery of St. Cir, and there ended her Days.

Mademoiselle de Vermandois ; la Valiere, and the King's Daughter. The Duke of Vermandois, her Brother.

Madam Montespagne, one of the King's Mistresses, with whom he had the Duke of Mayne, Count Verin, Count Toulouse ; Mademoiselle de Tours, and Mademoiselle de Nantes.

Madam Maintenon, Scarroon the Poet's Widow, whom, after her Husband's Death, Lewis took from being Governess to his Children by Montespagne, to be his Mistress ; and if Credit may be given to some Author, made her his Wife, Father la Chaise, his Confessor, having given them the Conjugal Benediction.





Key to SOLIMAN and TAHTIGA.

SOLIMAN, King Charles II.
Ramadan, England.

Tabtiga, Duchess of Cleveland.

Osman, Duke of Buckingham.

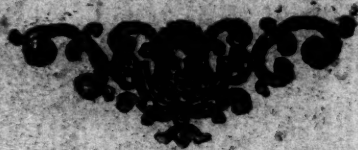
Jepira, John Churchill, late Duke of
Marbath.

Zaria, Mrs. Knight, Confidant to Tabtiga.

Azra, Mrs. Turner, Tabtiga's Woman.

Ramahan, Duke of Richmond.

Kourai, Duchess of Richmond.



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ce



The *Atalantis* Reviv'd, &c.

x The AMOURS of SOLIMAN TAHTIGA.



F all the Places in the World, the Sea abounds most with Adventures, but not those of Love. It is there that Fortune delights most to display her Inconstancy; yet this Element is too boisterous and rough, to agree with the Delicacy of the Fair Sex. Love*, notwithstanding, derives its Origin from the Main, which gave Birth to his Mother.: And tho' Gallantry is a Rarity there, however it cannot appear strange where *Venus* was born.

A young Knight of *Malta*, and a Man of great Quality, full of generous Emulation for the Bravery of the Brethren of that Order, resolv'd in Conformity to the Duty of this Profession,

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B

fection.

* Oceanum interea Surgens, Aurora reliquit.

VIRG. ENEID.

This Novel is a translation from one originally written in French - under the Title of "Hattigé ou les Amours du Roi de Samaran" - printed at Cologne 1676 -

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feſſion, to follow their Steps in ſeeking Honour, by making War againſt the Infidels; he had a Frigate of his own, which mounted thirty Guns, and ſailed the beſt of any Ship belonging to *Malta*.

The Knight having performed his Land-Services, was grown a little acquainted with the Sea; but it was the firſt Time of his commanding a Veſſel: Very glad he was at his coming to that Iſland, to find *Gourdan* there, and made him an Offer of becoming his Partner, for Honour, againſt the common Enemy. *Gourdan*, an old Corſair, was very unwilling to admit of a Companion in Profit, or Honour, and very rarely made Uſe of a ſecond in War; notwithstanding, he accepted of the Propoſal made to him by a young Nobleman, the moſt promiſing of all thoſe that Order ever had. The Agreement was made, and on the 15th of *May*, they left *Malta*, and went to cruize on the Coaſts of *Tunis*, in Hopes to meet with three Ships that were bound from thence with Pilgrims for *Mecca*. The Wind was fair, and in two Days and as many Nights, they arrived in Sight of *Tunis*: On the third Day, *Gourdan*, drawing nearer the Coaſt, diſcovered ſome Sails, and diſcharged a Gun, as a Signal for his Partner to come up.

The Sails he diſcovered were thoſe of the three Veſſels they went in Search of, which immediately bore down on *Gourdan*, and attacked

tackled him very vigorously. The *Turks* were glad to see the Knight come up to his Assistance, not doubting but they should have him for a second Prize. But the Corsairs of *Malta* do not so easily surrender, or strike to the Infidels; let their Numbers be ever so unequal, whose Custom it is to fight to the last, and die before they yield. These we now speak of, were strangers to fear; the one having for many Years run an interrupted Course of Victories in all his Engagements; and the other supplying his Want of Experience by an unparalleled Valour. We shall not enter upon a Detail of every Particular of this Action, but content ourselves, and our Readers too, we Hope, by assuring that the Fight was sharp and bloody; for the *Turks* had four times as many Men as the Christians, and three very good Ships; and the *Maltese* but two.

Gourdan stood off at the Distance of a Musket-shot from the Enemy till the Knight came up, and had no sooner join'd him, but *Gourdan* would let him see at what Rate he had purchas'd his Honour in the *Levant*. He fell in furiously among the *Turks*, and ply'd them so terribly with Shot and Granadoes from both Sides of his Ship, that one would have thought him on Fire. The Knight, tho' he wanted no Precedent to teach him his Duty, yet glad to have a Man so famous as *Gourdan* to be Witness of his Actions, seconded him so courage-

ously, that the *Turks*, who till then made no Doubt of the Victory, begun to fear the Success. They slacken'd in their Firing, and fell off to a greater Distance, not daring to grapple with the Christians. The Knight had no sooner observ'd it, but to make Use of the Advantage he had gain'd, which had greatly rais'd the Courage of his Soldiers, he order'd them immediately to board the Ship that lay next to him, which was the Stoutest of the three. He was readily obey'd, and himself as quickly jumped into the hostile Vessel. A Company of Volunteers and some resolute Soldiers followed at his Heels; who being animated by his Example, every one of them behaved like Heroes. It was wonderful to see, tho' nothing more true, all the Decks covered with the Bodies of those *Barbarians*, slain at the first Assault by a handful of Men. The Knight of *Malta* seem'd to be more than Man, and appear'd every where at once, so ready and nimble was he to help wherever there was need of his Assistance. But we forget ourselves by thus engaging to describe this Action, which is not our Design; having a thousand other Things to relate, (not of greater Importance, this Engagment being one of the most terrible and glorious that ever happened in the *Turkish* Seas, but) more amusing and gallant, with which we at present shall begin. We must only add, that after six or seven Hours fighting, wherein

wherein these excellent Captains wanted not Opportunities to signalize themselves, the Ships having all boarded one another, the Christians sunk one of the Enemies, and hoisted the Standard of *Malta* in the Main Tops of the other two.

Gourdan, who thought no Man his equal at Sea, began, from the Actions he had just seen, to apprehend that the Reputation of the young Knight might, one Day, exceed his own and rob him of the Renown of lording it over the Infidels in those Seas: He had observed him more than once enter the Enemies Ships, and bear all down before him that offered to resist, hewing his Way to Victory thro' Wounds, Blood, and Death, and that the honour of the Victory was almost wholly due to him. In a Word, so much Candour and Justice is not to be expected from the old Corfair, as not to believe him jealous of the growing Reputation of his young Partner, and therefore, was less pleased with the Victory than otherwise he would have been.

The Knight received several Wounds, and tho' none of them was mortal, yet they were so dangerous, that he was obliged for some Days to keep his Bed. *Gourdan* no sooner heard of this News than he went to see him, and expressed in the best Manner he could, how much he was troubled at it; and ended the Compliment by giving him all the Commendations

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dations and Praises, a Man jealous as he was of the young Knight, was capable of giving. The young Hero, no less modest than brave, made a suitable Speech to *Gourdan*, wherein he attributed the whole Success of the Action to his Conduct and Experience; and only mentioned a few on board his own Ship who had signalized themselves most, without saying a Word of what he had done himself. The two Captains determined to return to *Malta*, to refit their Vessels and to sell the Prizes.

Resolutions taken at Sea, depend much on the Pleasure of the Winds, for tho' a brisk Gale served at that Juncture, on the Morrow they found themselves becalmed, which continuing for three Weeks, put a stop to their Design, and rendered that a very tedious Voyage, which the Week before they had performed in three Days.

The Knight being recovered of his Wounds, and finding himself able enough to walk about in the Calm, he had a Mind to take a View of the Prizes along with *Gourdan*, who that Day had made him a Visit. He found them very considerable for the Number of *Turks* and *Moors* of both Sexes, which, in a Christian Country would be a current Commodity. When they returned on board their own Ships, *Gourdan's* Lieutenant having a great Regard for the young Knight, and not being well satisfied with his Captain, took an Occasion as they

they were speaking of the Prizes, to tell the Knight privately, that he had not seen the most considerable Prize of all, which was a *Turkish* Lady of eminent Quality, and one of the most beautiful Women that ever had been seen.

The Knight was surprized that Gourdan had said nothing to him of her, and looked on it as the Trick of an old Corsair; yet he could not but be displeased with the Procedure, as unjust and uncivil. The Lieutenant told him, that he must not wonder at it from a Man who never knew what it was to be polite or just to the best of his Friends: He went on and told him, how Gourdan had the Lady brought into his own Ship by Night, and placed her under the Guard of a *Moorish* Eunuch who had served her long, and that Gourdan was so much in Love with her, and so jealous at the same Time, that he suffered her to be seen by nobody. That the Eunuch had told him the Lady had so great an Aversion to Gourdan, not only because of his Ugliness, but also for his ill Treatment to her, that she was resolved to die rather than comply with his Desires.

The generous Knight was of too noble a Soul not to pity the poor Slave, and the more as she was beautiful and no ordinary Person, he presently laid Designs in her Favour, and told the Lieutenant he would on the next Day, see his Captain, and reproach him with having

concealed that Treasure from his Knowledge; and hoped at least to prevail with him to use the Lady better; and send her back to the Vessel she was taken in. The Lieutenant who was better acquainted with *Gourdan's* Humour, told him, it was more than was to be expected from one so deeply in Love and so brutish as his Captain was. However, on the Morrow the Knight went to see him: *Gourdan* received, caressed and entertained him with a great deal of Kindness, but not a Word of the Slave: The Knight had on purpose given him some Hints, which he thought would have induced him to speak of her; but *Gourdan* made him no satisfactory Answer. At last the Knight, having lost all Patience, asked him as if in Raillery, 'If he knew what was come of the beautiful *Turkish* Woman, which he had been informed, was taken in the largest Ship; and said that he was much surprized he had not seen her, when they took a View of what was found in the Enemy's Ships, or that he had said nothing to him of her.

The amorous Corsair took all this for an Affront, and told him plainly, 'he knew not what Woman he meant; that they had seen Women enough in the Prizes, and that he had one in his Ship, who was no handsomer than the rest; but if that troubled the young Knight, there were enough left, and he might chuse one from amongst them, that should please him best.

The

The Knight, little satisfied with this Answer, replied very seriously, that he held the Conditions of their Partnership so sacred, that till they should make a Dividend, he thought neither had any Right to appropriate to himself, without the Privy and Consent of the other, any thing that had been found in the Prizes.

Gourdan was a Man of no Discourse, and so shallow that he had not a Word to say for himself; so without any Reply he arose from his Seat, and went to walk on the Deck, leaving the Knight in his Cabin; who mustering up the Forces of his good Nature and Gentleness, to stifle the Resentment the cross Usage which this Savage had raised in his Breast, resolved to win him by reasonable Civility. He followed him, and embracing him with a Complaisance, which would have gained the Heart of a Beast, 'I have no Design, says he, to contest with you for the fair Slave you have possessed yourself of; it is a sort of Commodity I have no Inclination to deal in, but pray refuse me not the Sight of her.

Gourdan was quite deaf of that Ear, the Request was ticklish, and he did not care to expose her to the View of a young Man so comely and gay as his Partner. He loved her too well to hazard her on such an Adventure; and continuing his Walk without answering a Word, he made it sufficiently appear to the

Knight that he must hunt for other Game; as for this, *Gourdan* reserved it for himself.

The Knight knew not whether he should be angry, or laugh at the Procedure; yet looking on *Gourdan* with more Pity than Displeasure, 'Few
' Men in my Circumstances, says he, would be
' satisfied with this Usage; but you must be
' complied with; make much of your Slave,
' the Time may come when you will be sur-
' feited of her, and then I may be allowed the
' Liberty of seeing her.' In saying of which, he left *Gourdan* and retired to his own Ship.

A few Days after he sent *Gourdan* Word that he had taken his Advice, and was going to chuse a Woman to his liking, from amongst the Prizes, that might keep him Company; tho', in Truth, it was to find out some Body who could give him an Account who that fair one was, which the Corsair had got on board. He very luckily met with a Female who had served her many Years, and brought her to his Ship, where he treated her with more Civility, than a Woman of her Condition knew how to receive. He made her sit with himself at Table, and used her so obligingly that the poor Slave was confounded. She was neither young nor handsome, and could impute the Civilities she received to nothing but the pure Generosity of the Knight, whose good Mein was a sufficient Pledge for the sincerity of his Actions.

Her

Her Mistress became insensibly the Subject of their Discourse, and the Maid wanted not Wit to satisfy the Knight's Curiosity: She told him, 'that her Mistress was a Lady with whom *Soliman* King of *Ramatan* had been passionately in Love; and, out of a remorse of Conscience, was going a Pilgrim to *Mecca*.'

The Knight, who knew that Persons of her Rank did not perform such extraordinary Acts of Devotion, without great Reason, asked her merrily, 'If she knew the Cause that made her Mistress become so extremely pious.' And seeing her disposed to conceal nothing from him, he prayed her to tell him the whole Story, not doubting but an Account of the Devotion of a Woman of that Character, must needs contain more than ordinary Adventures. *Zaria*, for that was the Slave's Name, was by this Time so taken with the Knight, that she would not have refused him a much greater Favour, and without further Entreaty, spoke to this Purpose: 'My Mistress is a Kingdom where

'Love at present reigns more absolute than even it did at *Cyprus* or *Granada*. Gallantry is become so modish there, that it is almost as natural to be a Lover as to live: The Natives are wholly given up to Love; and the Youth, encouraged by their Fathers Example, get themselves Mistresses before they get rid of the School-master's Rod. In

a Word, from the Age of Fifteen to Sixty,
 from the King to the Plowman, every one
 enjoys his natural Liberty. Whether this
 predominant Passion proceeds from the Influ-
 ence of the Climate, or the Temper of the
 People, I cannot resolve, yet I am apt to
 think that Subjects, says *Zaria*, are such as
 their Kings make them. And the King of
Ramatan being one of the most gallant Prin-
 ces the World ever had, it is no Wonder
 there is nothing so much talk'd of in his
 Kingdom as Gallantry.

But to return to my Story, That King,
 when he came to his Crown, fell in love with
Tahiga, my Mistress, who is certainly one
 of the most beautiful Women that Eyes ever
 beheld. She is the Daughter of a Janizary,
 and was married to a Person of Quality, who
 had a competent Estate sufficient to make
 her happy, had not her Ambition preferred
 the Title of Mistress to a King, to private
 Happiness. To shorten the Story, the good
 Man found himself oblig'd to endeavour to
 content himself with the Honour the King
 did him, in conferring a Title on him, and
 an Employment Abroad; which he scarcely
 acknowledges as a Favour, and would have
 been better pleas'd, if his Majesty had be-
 stow'd it on another.

My Mistress, proud and beautiful as she
 is, wanted not Address to set a Value on
 herself,

herself, or to sell to the King a Conquest of
 that Importance, at a Rate agreeable to her
 ambitious Spirit and great Beauty. True it
 is, she has not been admired for her Wit;
 but that Defect is supplied by the obligingness
 of her Deportment, and little female Arts
 which she makes Use of with great Advantage,
 in gaining the Monarch's Heart, that never
 Prince was so deeply in Love as her. He
 takes such Pains and Care to please her, as
 Man never did for Woman before: And
 she has not lost the Advantage of it, but is
 by Degrees become the absolute Mistress of
 his Soul, and has reaped the Benefit of her
 Conquest in every Particular, that a Woman
 who knows the World, and is studious of
 her Interest, can propose to herself. The
 Government of the Kingdom was in a Man-
 ner, in her Hands. Every one paid his
 Court to her, and whoever sued for Favours,
 or Rewards, must apply himself to *Tabtiga*, by
 whom all was granted, as the only Channel
 that conveyed the Royal Bounty to the Sub-
 ject.
 Past Ages have furnished us with Exam-
 ples of this Nature, and Posterity may see the
 like, but not equal to this; for it may be
 said without any Exageration, that the King
 of *Ramatan* pulled the Crown from his own
 Head to place it on *Tabtiga's*. The first
 Time he saw her, he fell desperately in love
 with

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10 with her. The sudden Rise of my Lady,
 11 and her Power at Court, begot her a Number
 12 of Enemies, yet her Pride and lofty Spirit
 13 procured her more Hatred than her Favour
 14 did Jealousy. The most considerable and
 15 most dangerous of all her Enemies was *Os-*
 16 *man*, chief Aga and Favourite to the King.
 17 A Favourite and a Mistress are seldom seen
 18 to agree, both of them constantly endea-
 19 vouring to engross their Master's Affection
 20 and Confidence separately, and consequently
 21 studying the Ruin of each others Persons;
 22 however of that Character, go artfully and
 23 craftily to work: But those I speak of, de-
 24 clared open War against one another; both
 25 being willing to let the World see the Ad-
 26 vantage they had over each other. The King;
 27 who was very prudent, and of a peaceable
 28 Disposition, sided with neither, but continu-
 29 ing his Kindness for both, and knowing they
 30 hated one another, he gave neither of them
 31 Credit in any thing they alledged to the Dis-
 32 advantage of the other. *Osman*, after many
 33 vain Attacks, resolved at last to try what
 34 Jealousy might work on his Master, and
 35 shoped his Passion, like that of other Lovers,
 36 would split on that Rock. He applied him-
 37 self diligently to observe the Conduct of
 38 *Tahiga*, that he might discover some confi-
 39 derable and well grounded Cause of Suspi-
 40 cion; being thoroughly convinced that his
 41 Master

Master was so taken with her Charms, it
 would be no easy Matter to disabuse him; and
 that she had cunning enough to stand against
 such a Shock, and would work herself again
 into Favour, unless the Crime, if plainly
 proved, should be impardonable.

My Mistress was not an Enemy to Nature,
 and her Royal Lover being grown less amo-
 rous in his Visits than he had been at first, it
 was not improbable but her Constitution
 might force her to make use of a Gallant of
 her own chusing, to satisfy her Inclinations:
 At least the Aga thought so, and you will find
 he was not deceived.

The Title of Mistress, and chief Mis-
 tress to the King, besides the Power it gives
 Persons of that Character, it has introduced
 much Liberty into the Seraglio. *Tabliga*
 who never stinted herself in any Privilege
 she had, was in a Manner Sovereign there,
 and Body daring to contradict her in any
 Thing. The Aga was no less considerable,
 but somewhat more formidable; and having
 Money at Command, which is omnipotent
 at Court, by that Means he quickly had his
 Spies in every Corner, who promised him a
 faithful Account of my Mistress's Actions.

However glorious it be for an ambitious
 Woman, to see a Person every Day at her
 Feet who commands all others; yet Mo-
 narchs are deceived, if they think their
 Mistresses

• Mistresses are always true. • No Passion but
 • that of extraordinary Love can fix a Wo-
 • man's Heart: Ambition alone is too weak a
 • Pledge for their Fidelity. It frequently hap-
 • pens that Princes owe their amorous Conquest
 • more to their Quality than Merit, and ac-
 • cordingly they extend only to what is exter-
 • nal and gross, when Love and Inclination,
 • frustrated in their Expectations from them,
 • and not satisfied with Pomp and Shew, go
 • in search of Pleasure elsewhere.

• *Tabtiga* loved the King, as most Mistres-
 • ses of that Kind are used to do; that is, as
 • far as the Power of a Monarch could make
 • her love a Man who raised her above all
 • Women. She reigned in all the outward
 • Splendor imaginable, but amidst these Glo-
 • ries she was troubled, she found not a Man
 • whom she could love for his own Sake. A
 • Woman subject to such Reflections as these,
 • is hardly kept within the Bounds of her Du-
 • ty; *Tabtiga* found it too hard a Task not to
 • transgress a little, and being in search of one
 • worthy of her Condescension, she cast her
 • Eyes upon *Jeptra*, the Master Gardener's
 • Nephew.

• *Jeptra* was a handsome Gentleman, young
 • and vigorous; had pleased other Women,
 • and was reputed to have made his Fortune
 • that Way: She had seen him two or three
 • Times, as he viewed the Sports which are
 • usually

usually shewn for the Diversion of the Ladies of the Seraglio, where Men fight with Beasts to amuse the fair Sex. *Jepira* was an Adept at this Sport, and always came off with Applause and Admiration. Every Blow he gave carried Death with it, which made all the Company shout for Joy, that reached my Mistress's Heart.

It is not unusual to find Women affected with a Man's Merit upon Occasions of that Nature. *Tahliga* was very sensible of the Praises and Honour bestowed by the Company on *Jepira*. When she returned from these Shews, she could not help being melancholy and pensive, even in the King's Presence. She would neither eat nor sleep, which troubled the Prince extremely, who was so inquisitive after the least Concerns relating to the Health and Pleasures of his Mistress, that he was more in Pain than herself, to see her languish as she did. He could not imagine what her Disorder proceeded from; this gave him so much Concern that he could enjoy no Rest.

The Lady was more and more Love-sick; and her Passion by Degrees became so violent, that she was no more like what she had been a few Weeks before. The King redoubled his Caresses, his Care and Liberality to her; and, had it been possible, would have doubled his love. Every Moment he conjured her, if she loved him, to tell him

' the Cause of her Trouble, and protested he
 ' would sacrifice every thing for her Pleasure :
 ' So great, so sincere, and so tender a Passion,
 ' might have turned that false Heart of hers,
 ' had she been capable of any Affection
 ' for him. But *Jepira* was her Idol, he ap-
 ' peared the most charming in her Eyes, and
 ' the most accomplished Man on Earth. The
 ' King's Bounties she looked upon as her
 ' due, and sufficiently paid for, in the superfi-
 ' cial Acknowledgments she made him; that
 ' if she did not love him heartily, it was not
 ' her Fault, but his, who knew not how to
 ' gain her.

' Such, Sir, is the Fortune of Monarchs in
 ' love. When they are with their Mistresses,
 ' they commonly lay aside that Majesty which
 ' dazzles the Eyes, and affects the Hearts of
 ' Mankind; they go undressed into their
 ' Chambers, and make themselves so familiar
 ' with their Mistresses, that they afterwards
 ' use them like common Men. The amorous
 ' *Tabriga*, wholly possessed with her Passion
 ' for *Jepira*, languished under it, without
 ' knowing what Remedy to use.

' *Zaria*, a Greek Slave, and her chief Confi-
 ' dant, was very impatient to know what the
 ' Matter was; she heard her sigh every Moment,
 ' and like a Woman of Age and Experience as
 ' she was, thought, that if it was nothing but love,
 ' there was no great Danger. She was not over-
 ' hasty

hasty to know the Secret, but conformed herself so much to her Mistress's Temper, that she neither eat, nor slept, but wept, grieved and walked just as *Tabtiga* did. At last, having often observed the Disorder that my Mistress was troubled with, she asked her what it was that could afflict her to such a Degree?

' Alas! Madam, says the good Matron, with a deep sigh, if you knew what Danger you run into, by living as you do — But why should I tell you of it, since you seem to have but little Confidence in me?

' You have no room to complain of me, with Regard to that Particular, answers *Tabtiga* smiling, for you are sensible that no Person breathing knows more of my Secrets than you do.

' Yes, Madam, replied *Zaria*, till now, because it is very probable you never was engaged in any thing which might deserve the Name of a Secret; but now that the Time is come to try my Fidelity, to make Use of my Advice and Address, you are content to afflict yourself, as if you had not *Zaria* at your Command, who loves you, if I may be allowed to say so, more than she does her own Life, and which she would with Pleasure sacrifice to procure you a Remedy for your Disquietudes. What is the Matter, Madam? what is it that makes you uneasy?

D 2 ' Wherein

Wherein may I serve you? Why do you not confide in me?

You speak, says *Tabtiga*, as if you read the Contents of my Heart.

And who is it, replies *Zaria*, that cannot guess at the Cause of your Malady? The only Thing I am surprized at is, that the King has not as yet taken Notice of it, and it makes me tremble to hear you sigh before him. There is nothing in the World, that you can desire, but you have already. I tell you sincerely, Madam, I am afraid that your Melancholy will, at length, make him suspect something; but what that may be, I know not.

Tabtiga, seemingly affected with the Kindness of the good Slave, said, Poor *Zaria*, you speak well, and could I believe you faithful enough, to acquaint you with all that is in my Heart, I doubt not but your Advice might be to my Advantage:

If you doubt my Fidelity, says *Zaria*, you had better say nothing to me; for thus you will oblige me, in spite of my Heart, to keep your Counsel: Yet I would have you know, that these forty Years which I have spent in the Seraglio, I have always been looked upon as a Pattern of Discretion. There has not been a gay Woman here, in all that Time, but I have served; and were we at leisure, I could give you a very pleasant

'fant Account of them. In a Word, Madam,
'I know who I am, and I know what you
'want. Make use of me once more, and as
'soon as you please: Perhaps you may not
'find me always in a Humour to gratify you;
'but, at present, it pities me to see you lan-
'guish.

My Mistrefs, who before had a good Opin-
ion of *Zaria*, and plainly saw how useful and
necessary she was for her Purpose, immediately
resolved to discover all to her, tho' to save her
Modesty she turned the Story thus.

'You know, says *Tahiga*, that I had a Bro-
'ther who loved me; and I, from a Child lov-
'ed him with the tenderest Affection: My Fa-
'ther, to prevent the Consequences which he
'apprehended from the violent Inclination
'we had for each other, parted us, and sent
'my Brother to *Candia*, from whence he ne-
'ver returned. More Tears were never shed
'than by me on that cruel Separation; and
'to this Day, I have not been able to wear out
'the Sorrow I conceived for the Loss of him.
'But this is not what I want to unfold to you,
'Dear *Zaria*, you know it already. What I
'am to acquaint you with is, I have seen a
'Man so like my beloved Brother in Mein,
'Features, Stature, Actions, and in short,
'every way so like him, that I would have
'taken him for my Brother, had I not been
'assured that he was the Master Gardener's
'Nephew.

'Who,

‘Who, *Jepira*! says *Zaria*? Yes, *Jepira*, the very same, answered *Tabtiga*. As high as Fortune raises us, see how cruelly she uses us sometimes; for you may believe I could not see this Man, but my Heart bled afresh with Grief for my Brother. Yet the worst of all is this, which I am almost ashamed to tell you, I have by a strange Sympathy, the same Inclination for him, as I had for my Brother; and the Sight of this Man has not only forced Tears from my Eyes, but Sighs from my Heart. What would you have me say more? I find myself so unhappy, that it is my Misfortune not to love any but those whom I ought not to love.

Tabtiga, in saying these Words, wept most bitterly, which the good-natured *Zaria* endeavoured to stop. ‘No, no, adds she, there is no Remedy for me but Death.

‘The Age of dying for Love is long since past, says the Slave; trouble not yourself with the Thoughts of a Virtue, which is a Stranger to our Times:

‘What would you have me do then, cries *Tabtiga*? You shall know, answers *Zaria*, when you have told me what it is you Desire.’ And seeing *Tabtiga* in a Study about what to say, to give the Slave Time to guess what she wished for, ‘would you see *Jepira*, says *Zaria*, would you have me bring him to your Apartment?

‘Ah

‘ Ah my dear *Zaria*, replied the amorous Lady, embracing her tenderly, how pleasantly you flatter my most passionate Desire: Could you do that for me, you would eternally oblige me; for I am heartily concerned for your Success, and would rather die, sooner than any Harm should happen to you on my Account.

‘ Be not uneasy for me, says the Slave, this is not so mighty a Matter for your *Zaria*, to effect. I have already taken my Measures how to bring it to bear. Do but write a Billet to *Jepira*, to acquaint him of his good Fortune, and let me manage the rest.

My Mistress, to encourage the Slave to serve her the more faithfully, presented her with a Gold Chain, and assured her it was only the Earnest of what she designed to do for her. Pen, Ink, and Paper being brought, *Tahiga* wrote the following Billet to *Jepira*.

‘ Love as well as Fortune, sometimes bestows Favours where they are least expected. A Lady desires to see you: The Access will be somewhat difficult, but you will not be sorry for the Pains you may meet with. The dearer we purchase any thing, the more we value it. Prepare yourself to receive what your good Fortune offers you, and to surmount all the Obstacles which may obstruct your Happiness. Your Courage is known, and if
‘ your.

your Destiny be as favourable to you in that Particular, as Love is, you can never repine.

The Slave took this Billet and carried it to an Eunuch, in whom she had great Confidence. she had employed him several Times before on such Errands, and bought his Fidelity with ready Cash. She gave him a strict Charge about this Message, and conjured him to secrecy. But what Trust is there to be reposed in Hirelings? *Zaria's* Pay was not near so considerable as the Aga's; and the Eunuch being one of his Spies, he carried him the Billet in hopes of a greater reward. *Osman* received it as the best Present that could be made him; and being impatient to see what it contained, he retired into his Closet, opened it, knew the Hand, read it over and over, with that Eagerness of Revenge which attends the Desire of Pleasure, when in a hopeful Way of being Master of the Life and Reputation of an Enemy.

Osman paused a while, before he came to a Resolution what to do with the Billet. To Copy it out would signify nothing, since nothing is more easy than to deny what we have not written. To keep it, would be putting a Stop to an Affair which must be carried on further. Having well weighed the Matter, he concluded to keep the Original, and send *Jepira* a Copy, which he caused to be done in a Woman's Hand, and sent it. *Jepira*, who knew neither the Character, nor the Person that writ it, was easily

easily deceived, and the Messenger very faithfully delivered him the Copy of the Billet. The Gallant, who loved no Sport so well, was so pleased with the Honour done him, that he would willingly have gone that Instant to make a Trial of his Fortune: But his Time was not yet come. He knew not the Lady who had so much Kindness for his Person: He thought of several, but seeing the *Eunuch* belong to the Seraglio, tho' he had no Acquaintance there, he was sure the Billet came from thence. He could not have imagined that *Tahiga* was the Person; she who was the most haughty and most beautiful Lady in the Kingdom, and the Monarch's principal Favourite. He would have asked the *Eunuch*, but feared he should ruin all by being too curious. This made him content himself with asking a few Questions, in order to get some further Light of the Affair. But finding by the *Eunuch*'s Answers, that all he was to hope for at that Juncture, was the Billet, he dismissed him with this Answer.

' There is nothing too arduous or difficult
' for me, when concerned in the Service of the
' Ladies. It is the Duty of every civil Person
' to study to oblige them. I take such Delight
' in it, that I always think my Life well ex-
' posed in their Service. You may guess,
' Madam, how ready I am on such an Occa-
' sion as this; let me know but the Way I am
' to take, no Obstacle shall stop me. I die

• with Impatience to engage in the Affair, and
 • if Fortune be not wanting in her Duty, I shall
 • quickly be where Love would have me.

The *Eunuch* was that Moment, liberally paid by *Yepza*, for having betrayed him. He gave him a rich Diamond, and the *honest* Agent, in Acknowledgment of the Favour, carried the Billet directly to the Aga; who being in Raptures at his good Success, caused a Copy to be made of it, as he had done of *Tabtiga's* Billet-doux, and sent it to her.

The Love-sick Lady, was so transported at the *Eunuch's* Return, having read *Yepza's* Answer, that the whole Seraglio rung of the News. She embraced her dear *Zaria* a thousand Times, who, as one may imagine, deserved it well at her Hands. She made a large Present to her, and promised such Bounties to her and the *Eunuch*, that the Performance of them would have ruined her. *Tabtiga* was so impatient, that the next Day she sent another Billet, and the *Eunuch* who had so faithfully served her on the first Occasion she had to employ him, was entrusted with the second Billet. His Conduct was now the same as before, for he carried it to the Aga, who opened it with as much Joy as he had done when he received the former, and contained the following Lines.

• A Sight of you is enough to convince one
 • that you are a very gallant Man, and that
 • too, much cannot be hazarded in engaging
 • with

‘ with you. Make good Use of the Senti-
 ‘ ments you raise in those that see you; donas
 ‘ the Negro shall inform you, and you will
 ‘ quickly have Reason to thank Love for his
 ‘ Favours.

Osman having read the Billet, asked the *Eunuch* the Particulars of his new Embassy. The Moor told him, that he had an Assignment for *Jepra* to meet that Night at a certain Hour, with the Manner he was to be introduced. These Particulars gave the designing Aga fresh Raptures, and caused a Copy to be taken of this Billet, by the same Hand that had made the First, and then dismissed the *Eunuch*, that he might proceed on his Commission.

Jepra, who did not expect to find Matters so far advanced in so short a Time, thought himself highly obliged to the unknown Fair, who saved him the Troubles and Inquietudes of longer Delays, to whom he sent this Answer.

‘ Whatever you think of me, Madam, I
 ‘ have not vanity enough to fancy I can deserve
 ‘ the Favour you do me. I acknowledge I
 ‘ owe it entirely to your Goodness, and if I
 ‘ have any thing worthy of it, it must be the
 ‘ extreme Passion I have had for you now a
 ‘ a whole Day; a Passion so violent, that if
 ‘ you had retarded my Happiness any longer,
 ‘ it would most certainly have proved my last.
 ‘ I shall scrupulously observe your Instructions,

' and should I fail in my Design, it shall not be
 ' for want of Love, but Fortune's Fault.
 ' However, I doubt not of her Assistance, if
 ' she favours those who are her sincerest Vota-
 ' ries, as she does those who are boldest in the
 ' Field.

The Aga was also greatly pleased with this
 Billet, had it copied, and being thus Master of
Tabtiga's Secrets, he ordered the *Eunuch* that
 as soon as *Jepra* entered the Seraglio, he should
 let him know it; which he punctually did,
 about one of the Clock in the Morning. It was
 then a little too late to carry the News of this
 Intrigue to the King, but it was a Crisis too
 good to be lost. He therefore waited on the
 King, and found him just going to Bed.

His Majesty, surprized to see the Aga come
 into his Bed-chamber at so unseasonable an
 Hour, 'What says he, *Osman* up at this Time
 ' of the Night? Nothing but good Fortune
 ' should keep a Man so long from his Rest.

' Who knows, says the Aga, but that may
 ' be the Motive of my coming hither.

' You are come a little too late, says the
 ' King, and I am so well pleased with my
 ' good Fortune this Day, that I will not rise
 ' tho' I were sure of a better. Hearken, says
 ' the Prince; observing *Osman* very desirous to
 ' interrupt him, I will tell you Part of the
 ' Pleasure I have had this Day; and shall not
 ' relish it so well, unless I acquaint you with

it.

‘it. You must know that *Tahiga*, whom,
‘in spite of the Hatred you have for her, you
‘must acknowledge to be one of the most
‘beautiful Women you have ever beheld, was
‘of late fallen into a strange Melancholy and
‘Grief, that nothing could divert her. She
‘wept constantly, and her Tears troubled me
‘so much, that I believed I should have grown
‘Melancholy too, so great is the Love I have
‘for her.

‘This Day, she appeared more charming,
‘to me at least, and more beautiful than ever,
‘tho’ not without some Languishing in her
‘Looks, which shewed she was not thoroughly
‘well at Heart, taking Pity of the Condition
‘her Sadness was bringing me to; Sir, says
‘she, embracing me with extreme Tender-
‘ness, I plainly see what you suffer for my
‘Sake; were my Life only concerned, I would
‘die thousands of Deaths, rather than tell you
‘the Cause of my Melancholy. But the Con-
‘cern I am in for your Health, which is far
‘dearer to me than my own, and the Uneasi-
‘ness it gives me to see you so altered in a few
‘Days, will no longer permit me to conceal
‘the Cause of my Affliction from you. I must
‘tell you then, tho’ I were sure of losing your
‘Affection by it, that my Grief only proceeds
‘from a Dream I had lately, which has made
‘such an Impression on my Spirit, that I have
‘not to this Moment, been able to get it out
‘of my Thoughts.

‘ Here

Here she was stopped by a shower of Tears which fell from her Eyes, and I had a hard Task to prevail on her to proceed to the End of her Story, which she could not have done before her weeping was over. Then I pressed her to go on to tell me her Dream.

Alas! says she, sighing, may it not be a fatal Prediction, out of my own Mouth against myself! I dreamt, Sir, I saw you in the Arms of *Kouria* the Master Gardener's Wife, from whence all my Tears and Reproaches were not able to force you. Can you be false, and will you not at least endeavour to divert the Stroke Heaven threatens me with? Ah! Sir, let me die rather than ever see this come to pass.

Here her Grief seized her more violently than ever, and half dead, she dropt into my Arms. You may believe, dear *Osman*, I said many Things to her to bring her to herself, and to banish the Thoughts of the Dream out of her Mind. I have often heard of *Kouria*; but as beautiful as they report her to be, I never once had the Curiosity to see her. I was so pleased with the lovely *Tahiti-ga*, who possesses my Heart without a Rival; that my thoughts are wholly fixed on her. To end my Story, you must know I prevailed with her so far, thro' kind Words and a few Oaths, that I disabused her at last, and left her perfectly cured of the Suspicion of

and guilty Infidelity;

‘ Infidelity, which she harboured against me.
 ‘ She recovered her former Gaiety, was kinder
 ‘ than ever, and expressed all the Tenderness
 ‘ of an extraordinary Passion.

‘ I staid with her longer than ordinary, and
 ‘ am more pleased with her than ever. I am
 ‘ but just returned home, and to tell you the
 ‘ Truth, I scarce had Power to leave her.
 ‘ As often as I attempted to come away, she
 ‘ seemed to weep anew, and conjured me to
 ‘ stay a little longer. One Moment borrowed
 ‘ another, full of Love and Softness, which
 ‘ seemed to increase in Proportion as I staid.
 ‘ I could entertain you all Night, with the Ex-
 ‘ tacies I had in the Closet of that charming
 ‘ Woman, and yet not tell you all; which
 ‘ you know, is not discreet in a Lover, let
 ‘ the Confident be never so faithful. But what
 ‘ do you think of her Tenderness for me?
 ‘ Was ever Woman in Love, so alarmed at a
 ‘ Dream? And must I not love her more than
 ‘ ever, for having endured what she did, with-
 ‘ out daring to acquaint me with it?

‘ It is true, says the Aga very seriously,
 ‘ what you have related is very surprizing,
 ‘ but not to the Degree you imagine. Give
 ‘ me leave to acquaint you only, that a Man
 ‘ for whom I have the highest Respect and
 ‘ Veneration, being passionately in Love with
 ‘ a Woman as you are, one Day, in Confi-
 ‘ dence of my Friendship, gave me an Ac-
 ‘ count

count how pleasantly he had spent some Moments in her Company; and that she was lavish to him, of all that the most tender Affection had of Sweetness and charming, and that he thought himself the happiest Man in the World. You would think yourself much abused, says I to my Friend, if all those Transports of Love and Fondness which you have been so taken with, were but a Dose of Poison to cast you into a sound Sleep, while the Lady you speak of is in the Arms of another. There was nothing so true, Sir, adds the Aga, as what I told him; and, if he had pleased, he might have been an Eye-witness of it. I could have shewn him his Mistress in Bed with another Man, who was so far inferior to him as a Subject is to a Sovereign Prince.

Osman, Osman, says the King, you shall not make me jealous. I believe such a Thing might happen; Women are now-a-days so treacherous, there is no trusting to their Careffes; but I am very well satisfied such an Incident cannot affect me. I know *Tabtiga*, and know her too well to believe she ever regarded any but myself.

However, replies the Aga, it is of you, Sir, that I speak all this while; and since I must be plain with you, and that the Honour of my King is concerned in it, you are the Person so basely abused. It is the charming

Tabtiga

* *Tabtiga* who you so desperately love and
‘ adore, it is she that betrays you this Moment,
‘ in the Manner I have told you.

The King astonished at the sudden Shock
he received from this disagreeable News, seemed
speechless for some Minutes; but recovering
himself a little, and looking with Indignation
on the Aga, ‘ While your Invectives, *Osman*,
‘ says the Prince, extended only to the Pride
‘ and excessive Expences of *Tabtiga*, I had
‘ Patience to bear with them, as they had some
‘ Ground of Truth; but her Reputation,
‘ wherein my own is so deeply concerned, be-
‘ ing in Question, I shall think very ill of you,
‘ if you accuse her without good Proof to
‘ support this Charge. It is now almost three
‘ Years since I first saw *Tabtiga*, and have
‘ Reasons to know her better than any Body
‘ else. Had there been another in the King-
‘ dom greater than myself, or could any one be
‘ my Equal in it, I might perhaps have some
‘ Apprehensions that she might be guilty of
‘ such a Crime: And even in such Case, I
‘ should be very dubious of the Matter. For
‘ considering her Pride and high Spirit, you
‘ shall never make me believe that she can de-
‘ base herself, by liking any thing inferior to
‘ me, unless I behold it with my own Eyes.
‘ Do I not see how she treats the whole World,
‘ and that there is not a more Ambitious Wo-
‘ man living: She certainly loves me; and I

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' am perswaded she would love me more, were
' I greater than I am, for nothing but Gran-
' deur can please her ambitious Soul.

' I knew very well, says the Aga sighing
' for Pity, that while you continue thus prepos-
' sessed, or rather bewiched as you are, in fa-
' vour of that Lady, whatever I should say
' of her could make no Impression on your
' Mind. I do not desire you should believe it,
' Sir, if it be not agreable to you, yet be pleas-
' ed to come and see it with your own Eyes.

' What you! can you let me see it? says
' the King in a violent Passion, that am but
' just now come from her.

' Well, Sir, says the Aga, what you say is
' true; but it is no less true that, if you please,
' you may find her with another in her Apart-
' ment, if you condescend to take the Pains of
' going thither.

' Ah! says the incredulous Prince, I can
' have no more Patience: But *Osman*, have
' you considered how highly I shall resent it,
' if I take the Trouble to rise and go thither,
' and you not make good your Charge against
' her.

The Aga very calmly answered, 'I am well
' assured of what I have advanced, and can
' have no Cause to fear your Resentment; if
' you require no more than to let you see what
' I have promised.

The

The King got out of Bed, and having put on his Night-gown and Turbant, he took his sword and went directly towards the Seraglio, with *Osman*, whom he had by the Hand, lest he should give him the Slip by the Way. At the King's Entrance into the Seraglio, he said to the Aga, 'This is the Place where what you have promised me is to be seen, but take Care you bear not Part in the Catastrophe yourself.

The Aga told him, 'That the Affair would soon be cleared up.

The King observing, that *Osman* came along very resolutely and with Joy in his Countenance, as if he were going to a Triumph, began not altogether to disbelieve him, but to fear there was something in the Matter; and the more, as he knew the Aga to be a Man of good Sense, that would not easily be imposed upon; and one who without very good Grounds, would not have engaged in a Business of that Nature. So that the King knew not what to think. He would not for his Life have given him that Advantage over his Mistress, especially after the Story he had just then told him.

At present, all the King's Care was, to make the Design of the Discovery miscarry, tho' she were Criminal. When they were got within two or three Steps of *Tahitiga's* Apartment, and scarce had any more to do than to draw the Curtain, the King seemed as if he knew not

whither he was to go, or what he had to do. His Guide, jealous of his Honour, and impatient to make him an Eye-witness of his Shame, was forced to push him on, and tell him that there was no Time to be lost, if he was willing to make such a Discovery, as was necessary for a clear Conviction; but that if he delayed any longer, all the Seraglio would know that they were come in.

Soliman heard him not, as he pretended, and with needless Precautions began to shut the Doors close, which made a great Noise. Then he ordered Guards to be placed where there was nothing to be feared, and called for Assistance, that those in the Apartments might hear him. In short, to provoke the Aga more, who spent his Breath in advising him not to stay, but go directly to *Tahitiga*, for one Step he made forwards, he went two backwards. At last he so ordered the Matter, that the Gallant was apprized of his coming, and had Time to make his Escape; and when the King was come to the Lady's Apartment the Bird was flown; and no other sign of her Guilt appeared, than a little more than ordinary finery, and a Dress very different from what the King had left her in, which would have been sufficient Proof with a Lover less blind than he was.

Tahitiga had Wit enough to invent several Excuses, to take off the Suspicion of any Design; and to be beforehand with the Monarch,

she

she told him ' That he had pleased her so well
' that Evening, that in order to charm him on
' the Morrow, more than ever she had done
' as yet, she had tried on some new Dreffes,
' and he was come most luckily to tell her how
' he liked them. However, she acknowledg-
' ed herself a little surprized at his sudden re-
' turn, and extraordinary Visit; and that either
' his Passion for her was increased that Even-
' ing, or that he had some other Motives for
' it, which she could not see into, without de-
' stroying all the Pleasure she took in behold-
' ing him a second Time.

The King somewhat perplexed at what he
saw, answered her very coldly, as if he had not
been satisfied with her Excuses, and let her
know by his Looks, he had some Suspicion of
the Figure he found her in; yet he durst not
condemn her, as he wanted sufficient Reason
for it.

Osman who stood in the next Room, and by
his Master's Fault, had lost so excellent an Oc-
casion of triumphing over *Tabtiga*, was ready
to bite of his Fingers for Madness, raved and
exclaimed against his Patron, and called him
all the Names his Anger could suggest.

The Prince, who had too much good Na-
ture, to be Proof against the obliging Tender-
ness and Flattery of his Mistress, was not on-
ly quickly persuaded to believe all she had said,
but, what is most incredible, he had the Con-
descension

descention to tell her the Motive of his Visit, and all that the Aga had acquainted him with.

Then it was that Torrents of Tears burst out from her Eyes, and that she pulled her Hair without Mercy. Her Head-dress and Cloaths she tore all to Pieces, and shewed such extraordinary Signs of Despair, that the King to appease her, was forced to ask her Pardon.

Osman knew nothing of all this, when his Master returned to him to the next Chamber, where he had left him, and with Tears in his Eyes, prayed him, if he loved him, to make the innocent *Tabtiga* some Reputation of Honour. This Request put *Osman* into such a Fury, that he almost lost the Respect he owed to his Master, who insisting on his making a Submission so unjust, and unbecoming a Man of his Quality; the Aga pulled out the four Billets, which he had brought on Purpose with him, to justify what he had said, if there should be Oecasion, and shewed them to the King, asking him, if he knew the Character of those written by *Tabtiga*. Then he prayed the King to grant him Leave to retire, which he obtained, more out of Concern, that the Prince knew not what to say to him, than any other Reasons he could have to get rid of him.

What

What an Astonishment must the poor Monarch be in, at the Sight of the Billets? It was not in his Power to come to himself, he walked all alone about the Room, with his Head hanging down under the Pressure, as you may believe, of this new Burthen, and his Heart full of extraordinary Conflicts, and violent Emotions.

My Mistress, surprized to find the King stay so long in the next Room, was afraid the Aga might spoil all, and mar what her Tears had so well disguised; she went herself to see what the Matter was, and found him quite absent from himself. She embraced him in that fond and tender Manner, which was wont to charm him, saying, 'What troubles you now, Sir, that you use me so cruelly? Has the Aga contrived any new Tricks? Will he never have done plotting against my Repose? Ah Heavens! how unfortunate am I (bathing his Face with the Tears that ran in Streams from her Eyes) to see you so easily give Credit, to the horrible Calumnies that Villain invents against me.' With this she fell, as if dead, into his Arms, which so softened the Heart of the kind Monarch, that he could no longer resist such bewitching Charms, but embracing her with unparalleled Tenderness and Sorrow, he carried her to her Bed, and beseeched her, with a shower of Tears, to come to herself again, or that she must expect to see him die there.

This

This Excess of Tenderneſs, was too little to comfort the diſtreſſed *Tabtiga*; ſhe would and muſt know what the Traitor (ſo ſhe ſtil'd the Aga) had told him; and proteſted ſhe would not ceaſe weeping till he had told her all, that ſhe might juſtify herſelf, from all his treacherous Scandal.

The good Prince was very unwilling to let her ſee the Billets, fearing that it would prove too hard a Taſk for her, to clear up her Innocence againſt ſuch powerful Evidence. But the Deſire he had to find her blameleſs, prevail'd on him to let her have them; telling her at the ſame Time, that he was well aſſured, it was a new Method of impoſing on him, and that it was uſual to counterfeit Hands for ſuch Purpoſes.

Tabtiga took the Billets, and began to read them with terrible Rage. ‘Heavens! ſays ſhe, can Man be ſo wicked? Well, Sir, what Arts and what Induſtry, is there left unpracticed to complete my Ruin, and deſtroy me in your Opinion? And will you make nothing of it, but paſs it by and procure me no Redreſs? Aſſure yourſelf, that to Morrow Morning without any further ado, I will cauſe a Marebeugh to be made, in which I will bury myſelf alive, unleſs you do me Juſtice, in clearing my Reputation from ſo Criminal a Charge, and reflects no leſs on me than on your Highneſs. You muſt have a
‘ Heart

Heart of Stone towards a poor Woman, who has forsaken all for the Love of you, and sacrificed herself to your Passion; if you permit her to be thus abused, by a Favourite, a Sycophant, whose Spirit and Ambition you know; aims at nothing less than to prevail on you to do, not only whatever is to him most pleasing, without consulting your Interest, or Honour, but to believe the strangest and most impossible Things in the World.

These Words were accompanied with a heavy Shower of Tears. She had a Magazine of them in Store, and could command them in what Quantity she pleased. The King did all he could to make her easy. He promised to vindicate her Cause, by *Osman's* Disgrace. Strange Weakness! But Kings in Love are Men, and not Gods.

The next Morning, the Aga was one of the first Noblemen that appeared at the Kings Levee, and was received very disdainfully by that Monarch: After some bitter Reproaches, tho' without any Room, he ordered him not to appear in his Presence till he should be sent for. *Osman* said not a Word, but obeyed. He might have proceeded further, and produced the *Eunuch* to satisfy the King; but after such hard Usage, he chose rather to be thought in fault, than he might live at a Distance from a Master,

who suffered himself to be so easily seduced by the Wiles of a Woman.

Many were surprized at the Favourite's Fall. Some rejoiced at it, particularly my Mistress, who having no Enemy near the King but such as she slighted; she resolved to continue her Amours with *Jepra*, without any Apprehensions of being interrupted therein, relying on the good Prince's Blindness, whom she thought she had lulled into a sound Slumber; and did not fear his awaking soon. Her Concern now, was to discover how the Aga came by the Billets: There was no Reason at all to suspect *Jepra*, who was not only too honest to be capable of such Treachery, but obliged by joint Interest not to accuse her. The *Eunuch*, who had been the Mercury of this Intrigue, was the most capable of such a Fact; *Zaria* was sent in Quest of him, but he had disappeared, and thus the Treason was brought to Light. *Tabtiga* failed not to charge the Slave, whom she employed in this Intrigue, to make better Choice of those whom she afterwards should employ, and entrust as Messengers in Matters of that Importance.

The King was too amorous not to be subject to Jealousy. He could not soon forget the Billets shewn him by the Aga, and written in a Character so exactly like *Tabtiga's*; tho' he knew it was not difficult to counterfeit her Hand. He took Time to examine this Affair
at

at his Leisure with great privacy, and weigh with himself all the Circumstances of that Evening's Adventure, which had made him for a while very uneasy, and full of Vexation. To this Effect he resolv'd to observe in Person, the Conduct of his Mistress, that he might at once banish the Torments of his Suspicions, or the Passion he had for her, if guilty: For this End, he laid a Stratagem which proved very successful.

The Prince had the Privilege to enter the Seraglio whenever he pleas'd, by private Doors made on Purpose for his Convenience, the Keys whereof he had in his Custody. He spent the Day on which he design'd to put his Scheme in Execution, in *Tabtiga's* Lodgings, paying her all the amorous Devoirs he us'd to do, with more than ordinary Gaiety and Tenderness; in-somuch, that she thought him better satisfied than ever with her Fidelity to him. Besides, he staid on Purpose much later than usual, tho' to the good Lady's Mortification, it being an Assignment Day with *Jepra*, who with the Impatience of a fortunate Lover, waited for *Zaria's* coming: But when a Person who is Jealous knows how to dissemble, he deceives the most mistrustful.

The King, at last, took his Leave of *Tabtiga*, and went from her Lodgings to his own Apartments, to dress himself like a *Bedovina*, or *Moorish* Woman from the Mountains, of

whom there are commonly great Numbers in the Seraglio. His Face he covered with a black Gauſe, and his Body with a white Blanket, and put on a pair of Linnen Drawers and black Stockings, which is all the Equipage of that Sort of Women, when they come into any Towns or Cities; for in the Country they go as God made them. The King in his new Dress, ſlipt ſoftly and alone into the Seraglio, and poſted himſelf before the Door of his Miſtreſs's Apartment; where, to avoid Suſpicion, he laid himſelf down on a Bench, as the Country-Women uſe to do.

My Miſtreſs's Lodgings were in a Gallery, thro' which one muſt go before he can come to them. At one End of this Gallery there was a Lanthorn that had a Light in it all Night; but the King being at the other End of the Gallery, it was there almoſt dark. He had not been long on the Watch before he diſcovered the Enemy, tho' he had no great Stomach to aſk who was there? He never bid them ſtand, but let them come on undiſturbed that he might ſurprize them elſewhere.

It was *Zaria*, leading another *Bedovina* by the Hand, whom the King ſaw, and he being prepoſſeſſed with Jealouſy, preſently believed her to be ſuch another Woman as himſelf: And to ſpeak the Truth, the *Bedovina's* Stature and Gate confirmed him in his Conjecture. *Zaria* went up to her Miſtreſs's Door, without
ever

ever minding the Centinel; and turning toward the *Bedovina*, desired him to have a Moment's Patience, while she went to her Lady to get Orders for his Admittance.

The King, in this Interval, had Leisure enough to take a full View of the *Bedovina*. And this Adventurer turning about, towards that Side of the Gallery where the Monarch lay, perceived there was something in human Shape on the Bench; and being now in an Enemy's Country, the *Bedovina* thought she could not be too cautious: And lest her Retreat should be cut off in Case of an Engagement, thought proper to make up to what she had seen, and examine closely what it was.

Fortune being commonly favourable to those exposed by Love, ordered it so, that a Corner of the Blanket wherein the King had wrapt himself, being loose, the curious *Bedovina* discovered the Handle of his Sword, which being enamelled, gave the *Bedovina*, in what little Light there was, enough to know that it was high Time to look about her, and not safe to tarry there any longer. Accordingly she went softly to the other End of the Gallery, then down Stairs, and away out of Doors with great Joy, having narrowly escaped; being fully persuaded the Sword she had seen threatened her Life.

The King, who thought he had not given his Fellow *Bedovina* the least Suspicion, could

not

not fancy that her marching back was to run quite away. He got up to see what was become of her: *Zaria* arriving at the same Time, took him for the *Bedovina* she had left in Waiting at the Door; and whispering him in the Ear, Told him he might go in, and that he should be kindly received.

The King, glad of the Mistake, followed his Guide, who led him by the Hand thro' a Road he knew better than any Man alive. He was no sooner got into *Tabliga's* Chamber, but she took him by the Neck, hugging him in her Arms, with the Transports of a Woman, amorous as she was. 'Dear *Jepira*, says she, 'how glad am I to see thee! Having spent all this Day with a King, whose Caresses are a Torment to me, you must make me Amends, by a thousand Transports of Love.

This was an excellent Beginning for the Monarch's Entertainment, who took all patiently, without stirring once from under his Disguise.

But the Lady more hasty than he, to make Use of those pleasant Moments, the Presence of a Lover, admired as he was, should produce; would not bear with the least delay. Her Longings, more prevalent than her Modesty, put her into a Fit of bewitching Wrath, against the Coldness of an insensible Lover: She made him a thousand Reproaches, and would with
her

her own Hands, have tore off his Veil and Blankets, and the rest of his fine Dress.

‘ What, *Jepira*! says she, with a languishing Inclination, do you expect that I should unmask you? Have you no more Desire to see and embrace me? Is the Time you purchase, with the Hazard of your Life and mine, of so little Value, that you can afford to lose so many precious Moments.

No sooner had she finished this Speech, but down dropt the Disguise. *Zaria* who had helped her Mistress to undress the *Bedovina*, first discovered the Mistake; and ran away with a Shriek, which frightened her Mistress, who never was so surprized as when she saw it was the King.

Tabtiga, very luckily fainted away for fear. For it is very probable the injured Monarch, in the first Transports of his Fury, would have offered her some Violence not becoming a King. But seeing a Woman almost dead at his Feet, notwithstanding that the whole was a Sham; his Rage was mitigated, by giving Place to his Pity, which seized him with so much Tenderness as made him sensible, false and ingrateful as she was, he could not forbear loving her still.

He called to the Slaves of the Apartment, and ordered them to lay her on a Bed, where it would have pleased him to reproach her with her Falshood, but finding his Resentment too weak

weak for his good Nature, and melting at the Sight of an Object so amiable, tho' perfidious, he retired.

The next Day *Osmán* was called to Court, where he had a very favourable Reception from the King, to make him Amends for his former hard Usage. The Monarch told him he was but too sensible of the ill Conduct of *Tahiga*, against whom he let fall the most bitter Language imaginable; protesting, that for the future, he would use her as the basest of Women.

The Aga being a consummate Courtier, and not unacquainted with the Relapses of Lovers, knowing where the Weakness of his Prince lay, said not a Word for or against her; and only entreated the King to believe that he had not in his Kingdom, a Servant more faithful, and more jealous of his Master's Glory than himself: But that he was apprehensive, if his Majesty saw that Woman again, Things would return to their former Course.

The Monarch blush'd at these Words, which he took as a Reproach to his Frailty. Yet he made a thousand Vows, that it never should be so again, tho' his Heart misgave him at the same Time, that he could not keep them long; and so it afterwards happened.

As for *Jepira*, Order was given to apprehend him. *Ramahan* the Master Gardener, having no Heir but that dear Nephew of his; when
he

he heard the News of what had past in the Seraglio and the Order signed against *Zarra*, he threw himself at the King's Feet, but was presently rejected. However, his Friends at Court appeard the King in some Measure, and prevailed with him to change the Sentence of Death which he had passed on him, into that of Banishment for Life.

My Mistress, the first, second, and third Day of her Disgrace, heard nothing of the King. This was a tedious Term for the amorous Prince, who used to be scarce an Hour absent from her.

Acquaintances of that Nature, are not broke off without a great deal of Pain. She had Friends whom she employed, who every Moment apprized the King of the lamentable Condition her Sorrow had brought her to; being so pined away, that she was not likely to live an Hour.

The fourth Day, the Prophecy of *Osman* was fulfilled. The King, softened with the sad News, melting into Tenderness, sighed, sobbed, and at last, followed the Bent of his Inclination; went to make her one Visit more, under Pretence of taking his Revenge of her; being ashamed, without Doubt, of so unbecoming a Relapse, after the Noise he had made of her Treachery. To excuse himself, he said he would go to take the Jewels from

her, which he had given her; as not deserving to wear any thing belonging to him.

The Aga, who knew his Master well, and of what Consequence that Visit might be, endeavoured to divert him dexterously, by taking the Lady's Part. 'He told him, it did not become a generous Prince, as he was, to repent of his Liberality; especially to Women. But if he designed only to frighten her (which he doubted was not all he intended) it would suffice, as he conceived, to send any Body to her in his Majesty's Name, without doing her the Honour of a personal Visit.

The Counsel was good, but unseasonable for a Lover, who was going in search of what the other would have diverted him from.

The King answered, 'He knew what he did, and that in some Affairs; he loved to follow his own Inclination, without any Advice.

The Aga, by this judged all was lost, and that the King would be more deeply engaged than ever. Unwilling to be Witness of an Action which would, in Part, be charged on himself, if present, he retired.

The King was not displeased at the Aga's Conduct, and perhaps Things would have gone otherwise than they did, had *Osman* been there. The Prince came to *Tabriga's* Apartment, where presently, without staying to give her Notice of his coming, or calling for the Keys
of

of the Closet where the Jewels were, he caused the Door to be broke open; he entered, and finding the Box they were in open, he viewed them all over, with a studied Delay, to give the false Mistress, as it were, Time to come and appease him.

Tahiga hearing that the King was in the Closet, repaired thither, and fell down at his Feet, with her Hair about her Shoulders and Ears; and embraced his Knees with such irresistible Tenderness, that he raised her up, and led her into another Apartment. What Reconciliation was made there, we know not, but certain it is, that the King brought none of the Jewels away; on the contrary, he returned about two Hours after, and made her new Presents.

This Reconciliation proved so cordial, that the fond Prince visited her oftner than ever, and seemed to have forgotten, not only what he had said of *Tahiga*, but all that had past; which, for a Lover of his Character, was more than ever could have been expected. It was much talked of abroad, but not to his Advantage. The Aga only, Politician like, was silent on the Matter. He knew there was no Remedy, and that it was an incurable Infirmary in his Prince, whose Ascendant was Love: So that *Osman* held it imprudent in himself, to offer to ruin his own Fortune, by serving his Prince against his Will; and was

confident *Tabriga* was a Woman of that Humour, as that she, at last, would prove the Cause of her own Destruction.

Jepra being banished, and *Tabriga* more prone than ever to Gallantry, the King having caused her only to change her Object, and add to the former the Pleasure of Variety, *Zaria*, who thro' his Means, was again taken into Favour, was employed anew, to find out one with whom her Mistress might break those Oaths of Fidelity, she had so lately taken to the Monarch.

So well was the Slave acquainted with the Concerns of *Tabriga*, that this latter no longer minc'd the Matter to her. And the obliging Matron, knowing her Mistress wanted a Gallant, as well out of the Infirmary of Nature and Weakness of Temper, as to please her Inclination; she resolv'd to find her out one, with whom she also might do her Business.

The King on the other Hand, who from the Time that he was convinced of *Tabriga*'s Infidelity to him, began to love her less, was very desirous of a new Mistress, and fell in love with *Kourai*, as *Tabriga* had foretold. The King was strangely surprized into this Affair, and in a Manner perhaps not to be paralleled.

Women, besides the natural Beauty of the Face, which at first Sight gains them Admirers; have a thousand other Ways to engage Men to love

love them, such as the Voice, Wit, Humour, Shape, good Mein, and other Qualities capable to produce great Effects in the Hearts of their Lovers. But I scarce dare tell you how Love brought the Monarch into *Kourai's* Snares.

It cannot be denied, but she was one of the Ornaments of her Sex, and charmed the King by that Part she took the less Care of, because she would have been ashamed to shew it him; and would not have expos'd it to the Light but for Necessity, and without dreaming it could be the Cause of so lucky an Effect.

' Excuse me, Sir, says *Razi* laughing, if I enlarge no further on this Subject, you may guess by what I have said, that few Fish are caught with that Bait.

One Evening, about Sun set, the King from the Terrase of the Garden of the Seraglio, looking thro' the Trees, had a Sight of *Kourai* in that pleasant Posture: The Sun seemed to stop, to guild with his Rays, the most charming Object that had ever been beheld by that Prince. It was, without Contradiction, a Master-piece of the Kind; and notwithstanding the unpleasing Office it was about, it inflamed the Heart of the Royal Spectator, who did all he could to see a little more; but Love would not permit it, being resolv'd the Part he had first seen, should have all the Glory of the Conquest.

On the Morrow, a Courier was dispatched with a Billet to *Kourai* to this Effect.

'I love you, Madam, and that with a Passion no less tender than new: I will not tell you how you have wounded me; however, it was no less than an innocent Treason. I had heard it said, that you was dangerous to be seen, but not on that Side which I beheld.

'Others run away from the Sight, where with I am taken, and it was my Fate to meet the Powers of your Charms, from that which is commonly least charming. However, I am more in Love than any Man living, and what will become of me, when I see you as I ought, I cannot tell.

'I have Reason to fear an entire Defeat: I die with Impatience, to expose myself to your bewitching Charms: I am preparing that Triumph for you this Evening: Let me not languish, otherwise you will be the Death of your Prince, whom you have already too cruelly wounded, not to pity him a little. The Negro who brings you this Billet, will tell you what is to be done. Adieu.

Thus it is: our Kings declare their Love: They never sigh in vain. They need only say, 'I love you, and I will,' the Business is done. Our Women think it their Duty to obey them, in Matters of Love, as our Men in Affairs relating to the State.

Kourai,

Kourai, as inclinable as the rest of our Country-women, in Things of that Nature; and was so charmed with the Honour of being written to by a King, that without examining Circumstances, she immediately returned him this Answer.

Sir, you are no less Master of our Hearts, than of our Lives: You shall never find me any otherwife, than full of Respect and Obedience to you: Your Will is a Law; and nothing shall be too hard for me, when you command.

The Direction I have from the Negro, shall be observed; you must only take Care to employ *Ramahan* on Business, all Things else will assuredly be favourable. If you love me as much as you say, you will save me Part of those Pains, that attend the Impatience of one in Love, when constrained to wait long.

The King received this Letter, with the Joy of a Lover; who, doubted not of being happy that Day. It seemed long to him to wait till Night, before he could go to the Rendezvous. The Monarch was so taken up with this new Amour, and the Pleasures he promised himself from it, that he never thought once of seeing *Tabriga*, which he seldom failed to do: And a Commission was presently made ready to send *Ramahan* out of Town.

Things which charmed him and made him exclaim

Night

56 *The ATALANTIS Reviv'd.*

Night being come, the King went alone, and without Noise, into the Garden of the Seraglio, where the Scene was to be acted by him and *Kourai*; who at the Hour appointed, came in by a Ladder he had caused to be brought for that Purpose.

This Interview was rapturous to both Parties, and the Night was not so dark, but the King could discern *Kourai's* excellent Shape; and concluding, that the Features of her Face were no less engaging, he made no doubt but she was as beautiful as she was reported to be. What charmed him most, was her incomparable Wit, which she delighted to shew on that Occasion, to make the Monarch Amends for what the Night had concealed from his Eyes.

The King was transported by this cunning Managment; and to say the Truth, much Time was not lost in Ceremonies, before they became as familiar as if they had been acquainted for many Years; for it is a Privilege Kings have, to make more Way in a Day, than others in a Month.

Kourai, no less proud of the Honour the Prince had done her, and the Dignity like to attend it, than that she had his Affection; practised all the Arts to make him believe she deserved it, and that with such wonderful Success, that she engrossed both his esteem and love wholly to herself. She repeated a thousand endearing Things which charmed him, and made him
exclaim

exclaim against the blind Youth, for having been so tardy in bringing him acquainted with her, who was so Superior to all her Sex in Merit, and deserved his Regard and Tendernefs the moft of all.

They were retired into a *Grotto*, fuitable enough for an Entertainment, not very unlike to that of *Aeneas* and *Dido*; and continued there fome Time without Interruption.

I will not difturb them, continues *Azra* fmiling, nor enter into a Detail of what paff there between them. You have been in love, Sir, if I miftake not, and of Courfe, may guefs what Amufements they diverted themfelves with.

The Summer is the beft Season for Love-Adventures; but this Royal Gallant being ufed to Succefs, gave Room for lefs Matter of Difcourfe, than one who had been lefs fortunate would have done; and at laft, fell faft afleep with his fair Conqueft: But love, who had more Affairs on his Hands in the fame Garden, allowed him but a fhort Time to reft.

Kourai heard a fudden Noife, which made her rouze him up to acquaint him with it. As there was no Access to the Place for any, but himfelf and *Ramaban* the Mafter Gardener, whom he had fent out of the Way; he could hardly believe her at firft, having no Apprehenfions of a Surprize of that Kind. He liften-

ed awhile with Attention, heard the Voice, and afterwards the Steps of a Person. Before he would proceed farther, he was desirous to know who could be so rash as to enter that Place; which, even by Day, it was Death to do without his Permission. He was scarce got up, when he saw two Persons approach with a Design to come into the *Grotto*.

This *Grotto* was a spacious Place, made on purpose for a cool Retreat in the Heat of Summer; and had several Flower-Beds in it, adorned with Jessamin Pots, and other Sweets all round. In a Word, it was a Place designed only for the King's Pleasure.

By the Manner the new Comers entered the *Grotto*, it appeared that they were no Strangers to it. They seated themselves at some Distance from the Prince's usual Place of resting; but it was so dark, that it was impossible for them to see one another. They met with no Interruption from the King, who, tho' he plainly saw they were two, yet he could not distinguish whether they were Men or Women.

One of them, whose Voice the King presently knew, says to the other, • It is the finest Place in the World to laugh at the Jealous, • and to be quit with them. He has sometimes brought me hither, where I have been • forced to spend many a tedious Quarter of an • Hour with him.

This

This was *Tabtiga*; and the King was greatly surprized, not knowing how she could possibly have come into the Garden; but he was by much more so, as well as *Kourai*, at the answer made by the other, whom they both discovered to be *Ramaban*.

' I confess, Madam, says her Partner, he deserves not to possess alone, the Affections of a Lady so beautiful as you are; but he is my Master. Nothing but my extravagant Passion for you, could have prevailed on me to be false to him. Nothing but the Charms of your irresistible Beauty could excuse such a Crime. But let a Man value himself never so much on his Fidelity and Integrity, yet a Passion raised in him by one so lovely as you, will be Proof against all the Batteries of Duty, and will easily subdue them.

' It is but in Jest, *Ramaban*, says *Tabtiga*, that you raise these Scruples about Duty: I am false, as you are, but that is nothing with me. It is a fine Thing to be false, if you know how to manage it craftily. I have a Heart that will always be its own Master, and love one To-day, and another To-morrow.

' What would become of your Sex, or mine, if when they engage in Friendship with one, they must forfeit their Liberty, and not be allowed to change when they grow weary, or when they have a greater Inclina-

' tion for another? To bestow our Affection
 ' where we please is a natural Right, as it is
 ' to recall the Gift when we please: And
 ' wretched are they who enjoy not that Liber-
 ' ty. Our Sentiments are subject to change as
 ' other Things, and Love as well as Nature,
 ' charms only by Variety.

' To-day, *Ramahan*, I am for you; but
 ' three or four Days hence, I shall not under-
 ' take but I may be for another; and it would
 ' be Injustice in you, to expect that I should
 ' be more constant to you than I am to the
 ' King your Master.

' Madam, replies *Ramahan* with a Smile,
 ' your Observation is most certain, and I have
 ' no Reason to blame that agreeable Inconstan-
 ' cy in you, to which I owe my Happiness:
 ' But would you say as much to the King,
 ' Madam?

' You may believe, says *Tahiga*, I glory
 ' not in these Maxims before him; not for fear
 ' he should follow them, but to avoid giving
 ' him any Cause to have an ill Opinion of me.
 ' Were he of my Temper, I think I should
 ' love him the better: And perhaps I hate him
 ' for nothing more, than because he loves me
 ' too constantly. I have endeavour'd, in the
 ' best Manner I was capable, to engage him
 ' to be false to me; insomuch that I told him
 ' one Day, that I dreamt I had seen him in your
 ' Wife *Kourai's* Arms. I knew her to be a hand-
 ' som

‘ som Woman, and hoped he might have a
‘ Mind to her ; or the Curiosity, at least to see
‘ her ; but my Address was lost upon a Man
‘ so obstinately faithful, and produced no other
‘ Effect than fulsome Assurances of his Con-
‘ stancy and Tenderness for me.

‘ You did not oblige me much in that par-
‘ ticular, Madam, answers *Ramaban*, and when
‘ you have Occasion to dream again, in Or-
‘ der to get rid of one that is troublesome to
‘ you, let me entreat you that it may not be
‘ at your Friend’s cost.

‘ How ! replies *Tahtiga*, would you take it
‘ ill that a Prince should do as much for you,
‘ as you do for him ?

‘ Yes, without Doubt, says *Ramaban* ; for
‘ I do it not for that Purpose, that he should
‘ do as much for me.

‘ Well, answers *Tahtiga*, if he does not,
‘ another will.

‘ I fear not that, replies the Gardener, I know
‘ my Wife very well, and I am persuaded
‘ she is Fool enough to die, rather than do
‘ me such an Injury, tho’ the Monarch should
‘ tempt her. She quarrels with me every
‘ Day, only for suffering the Slaves into her
‘ Chamber ; and once more I dare engage she
‘ would rather die, than appear to another
‘ Man, tho’ he should be the best of my
‘ Friends.’

This

This pleasant Dialogue had very different Effects on the two Hearers, who, sometimes were ready to laugh, and sometimes to be angry. The King had *Kourai* all this while in his Arms; and whenever they spoke of her, he squeez'd her Hand, as she did to him on the like Occasion.

The King, it is true, had still some small regard for *Tabtiga*, after he had discovered her Falseness, but much less, when he fell in Love with *Kourai*. It cannot but be vexatious to a Man, to see his Mistress, tho' he had forsaken her, in the Arms of another; but more so, when in the Arms of his Servant. Exclusive of all Royalty, *Ramaban* was no Ways comparable to the King, in Vigour or Goodness of Mien. He was not very old, yet not so young as the King, and a thousand Times harder favoured.

Pleasant as the King was, at dumb Raillery with *Kourai*, and pressing her Hand, he was mad, however, at what was spoken, and vow'd that one Day or other *Ramaban* should feel the Effects of his Resentment. Had it not been for *Tabtiga*, *Kourai* would have likewise Reason enough to be uneasy; but finding by her Discourse that her Affair with the King went on the better, and that he had made her Husband a proper return, she concluded that she had all the Reason in the World to rejoice.

This

This new Pair of Lovers were not come into the *Grotto* to talk only; they had another Design, and as they were going to change the Scene, the King who would no longer bear with their Impertinencies, had not Patience to see the best Act of the Play, but forgetting his usual Complaisance, arose abruptly and says, with a Voice that would make the most innocent quake ‘*Ramaban!* is it thus you serve me? Is this your Execution of the Orders I gave you?’

It is easier to conceive than express the Astonishment, the Fear and Confusion which at that Instant seiz’d our Shepherd and Shepherdess, when they heard the King’s Voice. The Gardener fell at his Feet, with his Face to the Ground, and had not the Power to speak a Word.

‘And you false one! says he to *Tablisa*, you Baggage without Honour, or Truth, it is thus you requite all my Goodness to you, and raising you to what you are?’

Harsher Language was made Use of, but we shall not trouble our Readers with it. The Master Gardener being a little recovered from his Fright, tho’ still labouring under the Apprehensions of Death; did what he could, not to excuse himself, there being no Room for it, but to take all the Fault on himself, to make *Tablisa* appear Blameless, and endeavoured to save her by offering to sacrifice his own Life.

The

The King said he would grant his Petition, provided the Person he had with him would not be displeased at it, and with that he made *Kourai* who had not as yet appeared on the Stage, come in View.

Ramaban was one of those Husbands, who tho' they love their Wives well, cannot forbear hunting after other Mens Game. He had been in Love with *Tabtiga*, when she was at the Janizaries, and the Choice the King had made of her for his Mistress, had only heightened his Passion. He often had made his Applications to *Zaria*, whom he knew to be skilful and dextrous at her Business, and found her faithful to him on all Occasions.

The Liberty he had to enter the Garden of the Seraglio at Pleasure, contributed greatly to the good Success he met with thro' *Zaria's* Means. But as for *Tabtiga*, she thought her then so inaccessible, that she had almost dissuaded him from having any Thoughts of her, till his Nephew's Disgrace made Room for him; which, instead of discouraging *Zaria*, it encouraged her to make a Trial of what he so eagerly desired. The Slave no sooner had Opportunity of laying the Matter before *Tabtiga*, than the Agreement was made, and an Assignment given.

Little did *Ramaban* think it must have cost him his Wife. His Consternation was greater when he heard her Voice, than when he heard the King's: He knew not what to do or say; he

he saw how the Favour was returned him, and could have no Cause of Complaint ; yet he puffed out his Rage in great Spight.

The King triumphed ; and to increase *Ramaban's* Despair, and the Satisfaction he took in adding to his Concern and Confusion, he laid his Commands on him to give him the Particulars of his Intrigue with *Tabtiga*, how he had come acquainted with her, and how he had got her out of the Seraglio?

Our unfortunate Adventurer was obliged to obey him ; he gave his Majesty an Account of the Passion he had for her, for many Years, which was renewed after his Nephew's Misfortunes, and by that Means discovered that *Tabtiga* was not in sensible that *Zaria* had been his Confident, and had appointed the very Day for their Interview. And like a Man who abandons all for Love, he had not Power to execute the Orders he had received from his Sovereign : As to *Tabtiga's* coming out of the Seraglio, it was contrived by taking her out at a Window of her Apartment that faced the Garden, with the help of a Wicker Basket.

The King had the Curiosity to see the *Machine*, and found it in a Posture to receive the Lady in order to take her in. But it was his Will that *Kourai* should go up in her Room, and that her worthy Spouse should weigh her up, instead of *Tabtiga*, whom the King gave him by

way of Exchange, tho' not to his Satisfaction. However, it was the King's Favour to him. It was his Majesty's Goodness to do it; and we know not how he could have used him better.

Thus *Kourai* got into Possession, not only of the King's Affection and Tenderness, but also of *Tabliga's* Apartment, and all that belonged to her; for she had not taken any of her most precious Things with her. *Tabligh* was so far from being troubled at all this, and loved her Liberty and Pleasure so well, that she would have given more than she ever had in her Disposal, to be out of the Seraglio.

Ramaban having purchased Experience, by *Kourai's* Treachery, kept *Tabliga* as close as if she had continued in the Seraglio. Such Confinement soon produced Disputes and Quarrels betwixt them; till, at last, they grew weary of one another.

Tabliga, to get rid of him, pretended she had a Revelation from Heaven, a Thing the *Turks* are much Subject to, and told *Ramaban* that she was required to visit *Mecca*, otherwise her Sins would never be forgiven. The Cause was plausible enough to engage *Ramaban* to grant her a Passport, even in case he should not be disposed, as on the contrary he was, to be shut of her. He gave his consent to the Pilgrimage, and sent her to *Tunis*, having first recommended her to *Ma-*
homel

homet-Basca Bey, his intimate Friend, whom he intreated to furnish the fair Pilgrim with a Vessel to carry her to *Alexandria*.

This, Sir, says *Azra*, is the History of my Mistress; you see I have not spared her, that I might give you a true Account of all her Adventures, which none can relate so well as myself; for I have lived with her ever since she was taken into the Seraglio. Had her Soul been as beautiful as her Body, certainly there would have been nothing under Heaven more perfect: A Sight of her only would charm you, Sir, and it is pity she should be under the Command of a Man so little acquainted with Humanity as the other Captain is; she would be far better in yours.

The Knight answered ' that he had a Desire ' to serve her Mistress, but not to take any ' Advantage of her. That he had been in ' search for her, on no other Design; and if ' it was possible, he would, the very first Op- ' portunity that should offer, set her at Li- ' berty, together with all those that belonged ' to his Prize. But it must be kept as a ' great secret, adds the Knight, lest that by ' coming to the Knowledge of my Friend, he ' might put a Stop to the good Fortune I in- ' tend them.'

Azra amazed at the great Generosity of the Knight of *Maita*, whose Custom it was not to use those of her Nation with any Cle-
mency,

mency, knew not what to think of this Conduct. but took it for a Prodigy. She thanked the Knight for the Favour he gave her Hopes of, and was by his Order, carried back to the *Moorish* Ship, with a supply of Provisions, which the other Captive Women were the more surpriz'd at, as they had been ill used by *Gourdan*, whom they thought to be no more inhuman than the Knight.

That Night, this young Commander could not rest, but constantly think of the Adventures of *Tabtiga*. He was impatient to see her, but dreaded lest the Sight should cost him dear, having already felt some pleasing Disorder, thro' the Recital of her Story.

Few Knights of *Malta*, of his Age, would have been so scrupulous: Curiosity, if not Love, would have prevailed over all other Considerations. But this Gentleman, who was as modest as he was generous, made it his Business to serve the Lady without any mercenary Views. He loved to do Things in a polite Manner; and before he proceeded any further, was desirous once more, to speak to *Gourdan*. As he was preparing to pay him a Visit, the *Cor'air* came on Board of his Ship, and seemed more gay than usual.

' Well, Sir, says *Gourdan* to the Knight, ' how do you like your Company? I hope ' you will excuse me the easier for what Love ' forced me to do.

' I can

‘ I can easily excuse, answers the other, the
‘ Love one professes for a fair Lady, but can-
‘ not excuse a Man who uses them ill, as you
‘ do.

‘ I am more troubled at it, says the *Corfsair*,
‘ than you can think, who knows not, as I do,
‘ the Women of this Country : They are very
‘ humourfome, and will never love a Man,
‘ but when they are forced to it by hard
‘ Usage.

‘ That is wrong Policy, replies the Knight,
‘ and not agreeable to a civiliz’d Person. It
‘ would be more for your Honour to send
‘ her back again to her Ship, than to do her
‘ the least Violence.’

He spoke these Words in such a Manner as
made *Gourdan* blush nor had he any thing
to say for himself. ‘ I know you will not take
‘ my Advice, added the Knight, but I think
‘ it my Duty to acquaint you with it ; and if
‘ you have any Regard for me, you will set
‘ the poor Slave at Liberty, at least to love
‘ you, or not. For whatever you alledge of
‘ the Customs of the Women of this Country,
‘ you see the Method you have used to win her,
‘ has had no Effect, but ended quite contray
‘ to your Wish : She is not an ordinary Wo-
‘ man, to be threatened and forced into Com-
‘ pliance. And could you have had your
‘ Will of her, pray tell me, what Pleasure
‘ could you reap thereby that would not re-
‘ fleet

‘ fleet Dishonour on a Man of your Credit
 ‘ amongst those of your Order?

This Discourse opened *Gourdan's* Eyes, who imagined the Knight had been informed of the Lady's Beauty, and was fallen in Love with her, which might have induced him to speak so much in her Favour, and hoped perhaps that he would be such a lot as to quit her, that he might seize on her.

These were *Gourdan's* Thoughts, who turning to the Knight with a sullen Air, ‘ All your
 ‘ Rhetorick, Sir, says he, will not avail;
 ‘ you are too young for to cope with me,
 ‘ who without making a fine Speech as you
 ‘ have done, will only tell you that I will
 ‘ keep my *Turk*. And let her love me, or
 ‘ not love me, she shall not stir from on Board
 ‘ of my Ship.

‘ But Captain *Gourdan*, answered the Knight, with great Coldness, is this *Turk* yours, that
 ‘ you can dispose of her in this Manner, and
 ‘ have you a greater Right to her than I? I
 ‘ do not intend to take her from you; I have
 ‘ told you already my Mind as to that particular.

‘ I know not, replies *Gourdan* haughtily, what your thoughts or Intensions may be, but I would sooner part with my Life than that Woman; and shall take him for my Enemy who shall attempt to make me quit her.

The

The Knight, little valuing the Words of a Man whose jealousy disturbed the little Sense he had, would fain have persuaded him by fair Means to send the Woman back. 'What I demand,' says he, 'is but reasonable and just, and if you are my Friend, as you often assured me you was, you will not deny my Request, lest you should force me to use other Means to set this Woman at Liberty. You will find it a hard Task to effect,' says *Gourdan* in a Fury, 'had you more Force than you are Master of;' and so went his Way. This was high Language for a Man of the Knight's Spirit to bear, and aboard his own Vessel too. But being as moderate as the other was savage, he chose to let him go, rather than offer him any Insult.

This was the last visit they made to each other, *Gourdan* was mistrustful of the Knight, and watched his Prize narrowly. However, his Lieutenant gave the Knight an Account of every thing that passed in the *Corfair's* Ship, and made him an offer of his Service. The Knight was so just, that he desired no more than to deliver a Billet to the fair Slave, which he promised to do. *Azra* was sent for, because, tho' the Knight understood the *Moorish* Language very well, he did not care to write; but when *Azra* was come, he caused her to write thus to her Mistress.

Madam,
Knight

‘ Madam, A Man as generous and polite, as
 ‘ he whose Captive you are is uncivil and bru-
 ‘ tish, is desirous to restore you and us to our
 ‘ Liberty: Make ready therefore, for the first
 ‘ Wind that serves, and hang out a Cord at
 ‘ your Window, that you may have Notice
 ‘ when that lucky Minute comes.’

‘ This Billet was seal’d and carried privately
 to *Gourdan*’s Lieutenant, who immediatly con-
 veyed it to the fair Captive, by the *Eunuch*
 who was his Friend. The poor Lady was
 overjoyed at the good News it brought her;
 but was so accustomed to ill Fortune, that she
 doubted very much of obtaining Liberty,
 which sh^e had little Reason to expect.

That Villain of a Pyrate, for so she called
Gourdan, had tormented her that Day more
 than ever; and she was resolved, if he came a-
 gain with the same Design, to throw herself
 into the Sea. The Billet brought her in some
 Manner, to Life again, and she never prayed
 so heartily to *Mahomet*, as she did then to the
 Wind, from which she in Part expected her
 Deliverance; and that what Hands soever
 she should fall into, she thought it must prove
 a Happiness to her, if she could but escape
 from the Custody of the brutish Captain.

One Night, when she least thought of it,
 she saw a Man come in at her Window, which
 at first surprized her, but his Countenance
 made her soon recover herself. It was the
 Knight

Knight of *Malta* : ' It is Time Madam, says
' he, to free you from your Chains: It is the
' finest Weather in the World to return to *Tunis*;
' make use of it, and allow me the Pleasure of
' doing this small Service to a Person who, de-
' serves better to be served by all Mankind,
' than ill used as she has been.'

We cannot tell whether *Tabtiga* was more delighted with the Knight's good News, or his good Qualities; but after pausing a while, she was so affected with him that she embraced him, by way of giving him Thanks, not being able to speak a Word. She was a-bed, and as there is nothing in the Universe so charming and beautiful as a Woman in that Situation, the Knight was in such Raptures at the Sight of her, that his Disorder was equal to that she was in, and knew not what he did.

Tabtiga having by her Actions, express'd all the Acknowledgment she possibly could.
' I believe, Sir, says she, it is Heaven that
' has sent me the Succour you bring; and I am
' sure the World has not a Man so generous,
' or so gallant as yourself.'

The Knight in Complaisance to her obliging Behaviour, returned all her Civilities: Being in haste, he helped her to dress, and told her what to say, if she should be met with again, and what Course to steer, to avoid falling again into the *Corfair's* Hands.

To finish my Story, the fair *Turk* did not spend much Time in dressing: It was not a proper juncture to be too curious in that particular; she put no more Cloaths on than what was absolutely necessary, and, if the Knight had required it, would have got out of the Vessel just as she got out of Bed.

The Seamen were fitting the Ropes and Sails, to direct their Course for *Malta*, tho' the Wind was not quite fair for them: The Knight helped the fair Captive to get down at the same Window he had come in at, into a Canoe he had ready provided for her at the Stern of the Ship, and, with the Help of the Night, soon reached one of the Prizes, in which he designed to send her back to *Tunis*. He took all the Christians out of the *Turkish* Vessel, who were as Guard upon her; and having taken his Leave of *Tahiga*, who would have been longer glad of his Company, and returned to his own Ship, with a deal of Trouble and a heavy Heart; on his going on Board, he gave Orders for immediately weighing Anchor, as *Gourdan* did in his Ship, that they might sail for *Malta*.

The QUEEN and the CASTILIAN.

AT the Court of a certain King and Queen of *Castile*, whose Names History passes over in Silence, there lived a Gentleman of a very illustrious Family, and so agreeable in his Person that he could not be equalled in all *Spain*. Every Body admired his great Qualities, but were surprized at the Indifference he shewed to the Fair Sex; for he was never seen to Love or serve any of the Ladies, who were very numerous at Court, and capable of inspiring Ice and Snow with soft Desire; yet none of them could make any Impression on the Heart of this young Nobleman, whose Name was *Don Garcia*.

The Queen, who was a very virtuous Princess, but a Woman notwithstanding, and not less exempt than the rest of her Sex, from a Flame which the less it appears, the more Violent it is, wondering this young Nobleman had not fixed his Affection on any of the Ladies, asked him one Day, ‘ If it was true, that he was as indifferent as he appeared to be?’

Don Garcia told her Majesty: That if she were to see his Heart as she did his Face, she would no longer doubt it.’ Curiosity,

which is the Original Sin of the Fair Sex, moved the Queen with a Desire to know what he meant by such an Answer, and pressed him so hard, that at last he owned to her, ' That
' he loved a Lady, whom he believed to be
' the most virtuous and most beautiful in the
' World.'

The Queen did all she could both by Entreaties and Commands, to oblige him to declare who that Lady was, but could get no other Answer out of Don *Garcia*; whereupon she feigned to be in such a Passion with him, that she vowed ' She never would speak to
' him more, unless he would name the Person to her, whom he so much loved. And
' pressed him so hard that he was forced to declare he had rather die, than yield to her Commands.

But seeing that by persevering in his Refusal, he must expect to be deprived not only of the Honour of seeing her Majesty, but likewise incur her Displeasure, for not revealing an Affair, which, in itself, was innocent, and could offend no Body; which Reflection made him tremble, ' Madam, says he, I neither can,
' nor dare name that Person to you; but I
' shall shew her to you, the first Time you
' go a Hunting, and I am sure you will allow, as I do, that she is the most beautiful
' and most accomplished Lady in the World.'

The

The Queen, after this Answer, ordered a Hunting-match sooner than she had intended. Don *Garcia* being apprized thereof, he prepared to go and accompany her Majesty according to his usual Custom. He took care to have a Looking-Glass made, in the Shape of a Lozenge. He placed it before his Breast, and muffled himself up in a Cloke of black Frize, laced with a rich Gold Purl: He was mounted on a black Horse, beautifully caparason'd; the Trappings being gilt with Gold, and enamelled in the *Moorish* Taste: His Hat was of black Silk, with an Enseigne, and a Cupid set with Diamonds; but concealed as if by Force, for a Devise. His Sword and Poignard, with their Devises, were suitable to the rest of his Dress.

In a Word, he made a fine Figure, and was so good a Horseman, that all the Company admired him; several quitted the Diversion of the Chace, to see Don *Garcia's* Horse prance and caper.

Having conducted the Queen to the Place where the Tents had been pitched, he dismounted, and went immediately to take her from her Horse. In the Moment that she stretched out her Arms to him, he opened his Cloke which covered his new Cuirasse, caught hold of the Queen, shewed her his Looking-Glass, and said 'I beseech you Madam, look this Way,' and without waiting for an Answer,

Answer, he set her down softly on the Ground.

The Hunting-match, in which several wild Boars were killed, being over, the Queen returned Home, without speaking a Word more to Don Garcia. After Supper she sent for him, and told him ' that he was the greatest ' Romancer she ever had seen ; for that having promised to shew her, at the Hunting-match, the Object of his Affections, he had ' never thought further about the Matter. ' Therefore was come to a Resolution, never ' more to take any Notice of him.'

Don Garcia imagining that the Queen had understood his Meaning, replied ' That he ' had kept his Word, and that he had shewn ' her the very Lady he loved most of all the ' Fair ones living.'

The Queen pretending that she was wholly ignorant of the Matter, said ' That he had not ' so much as fixed on any one of her Ladies, ' or Maids of Honour.

' It is true, says Don Garcia ; but what did ' I expose to your Eyes, when I took you off ' your Horse?

' Nothing but a Looking-Glass, which you ' had before your Breast.'

And what did you see in it ? replies Don Garcia : Only myself, answered the Queen.

' Consequently, Madam, I have kept my Word, replies Don Garcia, in Obedience to ' your

‘ your Orders : Never did any thing find a
 ‘ Passage into my Heart, except what you
 ‘ beheld in the Glass ; and it is ~~the~~ alone that
 ‘ I am resolv’d to love, adore, and worship ;
 ‘ not as a Woman, but as an Earthly Deity,
 ‘ on whom my Life and Death depend. The
 ‘ only Favour I demand of you, Madam, is,
 ‘ that the sincere Passion, which had given
 ‘ me Life while I conceal’d it, may not be the
 ‘ Cause of my Death, by the Discovery I have
 ‘ made of it. If I am not worthy of your
 ‘ Regard, or that you should not receive me as
 ‘ your most zealous Servant, permit, at least,
 ‘ that I may live as I have done hitherto, on
 ‘ the Pleasure I conceive, for having presumed
 ‘ to bestow my Heart on a Princess so highly
 ‘ exalted above all the rest of your Sex, by
 ‘ every brilliant Virtue ; that I ought to con-
 ‘ tent myself with loving her, without the
 ‘ Hopes of a Return.

‘ If the Knowledge you have, Madam, of
 ‘ my ardent Passion, does not render me more
 ‘ agreeable to your Eyes now than before, at
 ‘ least deprive me not of my Life, which con-
 ‘ sists in the Happiness which I hope to enjoy
 ‘ of seeing you as usual. I receive no more
 ‘ from you, Madam, than what is absolutely
 ‘ necessary : If I have less, you will have the
 ‘ fewer Servants ; and you must lose, Madam,
 ‘ the most faithful and the most disinterested
 ‘ you ever had, or can have.’

‘ The

The Queen, whether to appear otherwise than what she in reallity was, or that she would make a longer Trial of Don Garcia's Love; or that she had fixed her Eyes on another, whom she would not abandon for his Sake; or lastly, whether it was, that she was glad to keep this Lover by way of *Reserve*, in Case that his Affection should get the Ascendant, thro' any Fault which the Lover she already possessed, should commit, said to him with an Air which discovered neither Displeasure, or Content,

‘ I shall not ask you, Don Garcia, not knowing the Force of Love, how you could be so presumptuous and extravagant as to place your Affection on me; for I know that it is not in the Power of any Person to make his Heart love, or hate, at his Pleasure. But since you so ingeniously knew how to discover your Affection for me, I desire to know how long you have had these Sentiments, in Regard to me.’

Don Garcia, on this Occasion, thought the Queen looked more charming than ever; and finding that she began to inform herself, with Respect to this Love-sick Disorder, he conceived strong Hopes of Relief from her: But reflecting on the other Hand, on the Wisdom and Gravity with which she interrogated him, he apprehended that he was before a Judge,
who

who was going to pronounce Sentence of Condemnation against him.

Notwithstanding this uncertainty of Hopes and Fears, he owned ' that he was in Love
' with her from his tender Years; but that
' for the last seven Years, he was in a con-
' tinual Pain; or more properly speaking,
' in so agreeable a Disorder, that he would pre-
' fer Death to any Ease he should receive
' without it.

' Since you have had seven Years constancy,
' says the Queen, I ought not to hesitate in
' giving credit to you, any more than you did
' in declaring your Passion for me. Where-
' fore, if you speak the Truth, I am desirous
' to be convinced thereof in such a Manner, that
' I may never more have Room to doubt of
' it: And if I should be satisfied with the Testi-
' mony you give me in this Particular, I
' shall believe that you are what you profess
' to be, with Regard to myself: If I find
' you then to be what you profess your-
' self; I shall on my Part, answer all your
' Wishes.

' Don Garcia entreated the Queen, on his
' Knees, to make what Trial she pleased of
' his Constancy; there being nothing, tho'
' never so difficult but what seemed easy to
' him; not doubting but he should be so happy,
' as to be able to let her know the sincere Love
' he had for her; declaring at the same Time,

‘ that he expected no other Return, than the
 ‘ Honour of her Commands.’

‘ If you love me, Don *Garcia*, as much
 ‘ as you tell me you do, says the Queen, I
 ‘ am persuaded that in order to have my Fa-
 ‘ vour, nothing will appear difficult to you.
 ‘ For this Reason, I command you, on the De-
 ‘ sire you have of possessing it, and the Fears
 ‘ you languish under of losing it, that to morrow
 ‘ you depart from this Court, and retire to a
 ‘ Place, where for the Space of seven Years, you
 ‘ may live without once hearing of me, or I of
 ‘ you. You are very sensible that you love me,
 ‘ since you have cherished that Passion these
 ‘ seven Years for my Sake. After seven
 ‘ Years more Experience, I shall believe what
 ‘ all your Protestations are not capable of do-
 ‘ ing.’

This cruel Order made Don *Garcia* con-
 clude, that the Queen’s Design was to banish
 him from the Court: But on reflecting more
 seriously on the Matter, he readily accepted
 of the Proposal; not doubting but a Com-
 pliance would be more to his Advantage, than
 all he could say on that melancholly Occa-
 sion.

‘ If I have lived seven Years, Madam, with-
 ‘ out any Hopes, says he to the Queen, con-
 ‘ fined to the bitter Necessity of dissembling
 ‘ my Love; at present, since, I have made
 ‘ my Passion known to you, and that I have
 ‘ some

‘ some glimmerings of Hopes, I shall spend
‘ the other seven Years with more Patience
‘ and Tranquility. But, Madam, continues
‘ he, as in obeying the Orders which you are
‘ pleased to signify to me, I shall be deprived
‘ of all the Happiness I ever had in the
‘ World; what Hopes do you give me of
‘ acknowledging me your faithful Servant, at
‘ the Expiration of that Term.

The Queen pulling a Ring off her Finger,
‘ said, let us break this Ring in two. The
‘ one half I shall keep, and you the other;
‘ that by that Means I may remember you,
‘ in case the Length of Time should efface
‘ out of my Memory the Idea I have of your
‘ Person.’

Don *Garcia* took the Ring, broke it in two,
gave the Queen one Half, and kept the other
to himself. With less Life than those who
were already dead, he withdrew from her
Presence; went Home and gave Orders for
his Departure. He sent his whole Train of
Attendants into the Country; and, with only
one Servant, he retired into a solitary Place,
that none of his Friends or Relations could hear
of him during the seven Years. How he lived all
that Time, and what Chagrins he underwent,
on Account of such an Absence, we shall not
pretend to describe, but leave it for Lovers to
guess.

Punctually at the close of the seven Years, and in the Moment that the Queen was going to hear Mass, a Hermit with a long Beard came up to her, kissed her Hand, and presented a Memorial to her, which she did not then vouchsafe to read; tho' her usual Custom was immediately to examine all the Papers presented to her, let the Figure of the Person be never so poor and mean. Mass being half said, the Queen opened the Memorial, and found therein the half Ring she had given to Don Garcia, which was an agreeable surprize to her; before she had read a Word of the Contents of the Paper, she ordered her Almoner to bring the Hermit, who had presented the Memorial, into her Presence. The Almoner sought every where, in and out of the Church for him, but to no Purpose, and was told, at last, that he had been seen mounting his Horse, but no Body could tell him what Road he had taken.

While the Queen waited for the Almoner's Answer, she read the Memorial, which proved to be a Letter from Don Garcia, reproaching her with cruelty, and bidding her adieu for ever. Many were the Sighs and Tears which this unexpected News brought from the Queen; attended with incredible Sorrow and Regret. In Effect, the Loss of a Nobleman who so faithfully loved her, ought to be very sensible to her, when all her Treasure, even her Crown could not hinder her from being the most unhappy Princess

Princess in the World, since she had lost what all her Riches could not purchase.

Having heard Mass, she returned to her Apartment, and mourned for her Friend whom her cruelty had left her no Hopes of ever seeing. She dispatched Messengers to all the Mountains, Rocks, Forests, and solitary Places in the Kingdom, to search for the Hermit, but all proved in vain, and Don Garcia was carried into Paradise, before she could receive any further News from him in this World.

The KING of Naples, and his RIVAL.

IN the Days of King *Alphonso*, who was the most amorous Prince of the Age he reigned in, there lived at *Naples* a Gentleman, so agreeable in his Person, and in whom Nature and Education had made such an assemblage of Perfections, that an old Knight, who had an only Daughter, who yielded in nothing to the young Gentleman's Excellencies, bestowed her in Marriage on him.

The young Couple loved one another very sincerely, during the first Month of their Wedlock ; but the Carnival being come, and the King going masked to all the Citizen's Houses, who vied to outdo one another in the Manner of receiving their Prince, he came at last to this Gentleman's, where he met with greater Magnificence than in any of his other Visits. Here Musick, Concerts, Collations and many other pleasing Diversions were not neglected ; but what pleased the King most, was the Gentleman's Lady ; who, as he imagined, was the most beautiful in the World.

When the Collation was over, this Beauty and her Husband sung a Duet, with so lovely a Grace,

a Grace, that, with every Note, she discovered a new Charm. The King seeing the Loveliness of this amiable Fair, took less Pleasure in listening to the sweet Harmony she and her Husband made, than in studying how to interrupt their Happiness. The mutual Love that reigned between them, appeared to him a great Obstacle to his Design. However, he dissembled his Passion as much as he could, but to get some Ease from his Pain, he frequently entertained the Lords and Ladies of *Naples*, and had this Gentleman and his Lady always invited.

As we are apt readily to believe what we see, and that Lovers have good Eyes, the King imagined that the Lady's Looks promised him something, which in Time would be pleasing to him, provided those of her Husband were not privy to the Matter. In Order to know if his Conjecture was just, or not, he sent the Husband on an Affair to *Rome*, which would take him up a Fortnight, or three Weeks.

The good Man was no sooner set out on this Journey, than his Wife, who, if we may make Use of the Phrase, had not as yet lost Sight of him, became inconsolable on Account of his Absence. The King went often to see her, and comforted her as much as possible, with fond Discourses and Presents. In a Word, he managed his Point so well, that she was not
only

only cured of her Grief, but even rejoiced that her Husband was gone on that Journey. Before the Expiration of three Weeks, in which her Husband was expected Home, she became so enamoured of the King, that she was as much afflicted at the Thoughts of his Return, as she was at his Departure.

To prevent her being, for the future, deprived of the King's Company, it was agreed between them, that as often as her Husband should go to his Country-Seat, she would apprize the King thereof; who then might visit her with all Safety; and so secretly that her Husband, whom she respected more than her own Conscience, having no Room to be jealous, or to suspect any thing, could not be offended. These Hopes afforded great Satisfaction to the Lady.

The Husband, on his Return from Rome, was received with so much Tenderness and Affection by his Wife, that tho' he had heard how the King had cherished her in his Absence, he never could think any Thing amiss of her. But the Flame which they took so much Pains to conceal, began by Degrees to show itself; and at last appeared so visibly, that the Husband being justly alarmed, took his Measures so well, that he had no Room any longer to doubt of the Matter. But as he dreaded, lest the Person who wronged him, should do him a worse Turn, if he stirred in the Affair, he resolved

solved to Disguise his Resentment, chusing to live in Sorrow, rather than expose his Life for a Woman that loved him not. However, he determined, if possible, to be even with the King.

Being very sensible that Love commonly made its Attacks, on those Ladies who possess the greatest Souls, he took the Liberty one Day, to tell the Queen how much he was concerned to see the King treat her with so much Indifference. The Queen who was no stranger to the King's Amours with his Wife, said,
' That she could not have both Honour and
' Pleasure together: I am sure adds she, that
' I have Honour, tho' another enjoys the Plea-
' sure. But she who receives that Satisfaction,
' does not possess Honour, as I do.'

The Gentleman knowing that these Words were addressed to himself, reply'd, ' Honour
' was born with you, Madam; you are de-
' scended from such an illustrious Family, that
' the Quality of Queen, or Empress, could
' add nothing to your Nobility; but your
' Beauty, Charms and Affability deserve so
' much, that she who robs you of your just
' Due, brings Infamy on herself: And I can
' assure you, Madam, that, the Crown excep-
' ted, the King is no more capable than I,
' of pleasing a Woman. On the contrary, I
' am persuaded, that in Order to render a
' Princess of your Merit happy, he should
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with himself, to be of my Constitution and Temperament.

Tho' the King be of a more delicate Frame than you, says the Queen with a smile, the Love he bears for me pleases me so well, that I prefer it to all Things.

If it be so, Madam, replies the Gentleman, I shall express no more Concern for you. I am sensible, that if the King were as sincere to you in his Love, as you are to him, you would punctually receive the Enjoyments you speak of. But God would not have it so, and by this Means gives you to understand that you ought not to make an Earthly Deity of him.

I must confess, says the Queen, that the Love I have for him is so great, that no Heart can be inflamed with a greater Passion. Permit me, Madam, to assure you, replies the Gentleman, that a certain Person loves with so perfect and passionate a Love, that yours for the King cannot equal it. His Amour increases in Propotion as the King's seems to decline: And if you think well of it, Madam, you shall be made Amends for all your Losses.

The Queen began to see by his Words, as well as the Manner of speaking them, that his Tongue was the Interpreter of his Heart. Thereupon she called to Mind that he had been a great while seeking Occasions to render her Ser-

Service, and that with so much Earnestness that he grew Melancholly on the Matter. She at first believed that his Wife had been the Cause of his Melancholly ; but now no longer doubted that herself had been the Motive of it.

As Love, when sincere, is easily felt, the Queen had no great Difficulty to discover what was a Secret to all the World besides. The Gentleman appeared more amiable to her than her Husband, and on the other Hand, she reflected that he had been abandoned by his Wife, as herself was by her Husband : Animated then with Spite and Jealousy against her Consort, and Love for the Gentleman, ‘ O God ! says she, sighing, and the Tears flowing from her Eyes, must Revenge bring me to act a Scene, which Love was never able to do ?’

The Gentleman being no Stranger to the Meaning of this Exclamation, replied, ‘ Madam, Revenge is sweet, when instead of killing an Enemy, one gives Life to his true Friend. Methinks it is high Time that Truth should cure you of that ill grounded Love, which you have for a Person that makes you no Return ; and that a generous Passion should banish these Fears, so wrongfully harboured in so great a Heart as yours is.

‘ Let us lay the Quality of a Queen aside, Madam ; and let us consider, that you and I are the only two Persons of the World, the

' most unworthily duped and betrayed by those
 ' for whom we have professed the most perfect Love. Let us take our Revenge, Madam, not so much out of a Desire to serve them as they have done us ; but to satisfy the Affection which, on my Part, cannot advance further, unless I were to sacrifice my Life.

' If your Heart be not harder than a Diamond, you ought to feel some Sparks of a Flame, which bursts out in Proportion to the Efforts I make to stifle it. I suffer because I love you ; out of Pity or Resentment you ought to love me. Your Deserts are so great, that they are worthy of the most noble Heart ; yet you are neglected and deserted by him, for whom you have abandoned all others.'

This Discourse threw the Queen into such violent Transports, that to hide the Disorder of her Mind, she took the Gentleman by the Arm, and led him into a Garden near her Apartment, where she walked with him a considerable time, without being able to speak one Word. The Gentleman perceiving her half conquered, was no sooner come to the end of a Walk, where they could be seen by none, but he entertained her in the best Manner, that his long concealed Affection could dictate to him. As they happened to be both of a Mind, they made Reprisals by way of Revenge, and stipulated, that as often as the King should go to
see

see the Gentleman's Wife, he should pay a Visit to the Queen. Thus the Deceivers being deceived, Four enjoyed the Pleasures which Two had thought to have wholly engrossed to themselves.

This Scene being over, they both retired, the Queen to her own Chamber and the Gentleman to his House; so well pleased, that they thought no more of their past Displeasures. The Gentleman, far from being uneasy at the King's visiting his Wife, wished for nothing more; and that he might have Access the oftner to her, he used to go to his Country-Seat more frequently than ordinary, that he might not be in the Way.

The King was no sooner apprised of his Departure to his Villa, which was half a League distant from *Naples*, than he waited on the Lady; and Night was no sooner come, than the Gentleman on his Part, presented himself before the Queen, where he exercised the Office of the King's Lieutenant with so much Secrecy, that it was never perceived by any Person. This Commerce lasted a great while; but whatever Care the King took to conceal his Amours, the Affair, notwithstanding, was known to ever Body.

All prudent People regretted the Gentleman's Misfortune, while ill-natured Wits made merry with him, and were wont to raise Horns with their Fingers behind his Back, as he walked
along,

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along, which he often saw. However, he was so well pleased with the Sport he afforded them, as he valued the Horns more than the King's Crown. *Alphonso* being one Day with the Gentleman's Wife, could not help saying, with a smile, and in the Gentleman's Presence, on Account of a Stag's Horns which were fixed in Sight, 'That that Wood suited the House very well.'

The Gentleman, whose Soul was as great as the King's, caused the following Verse to be written under the Horns.

*Io porto le Corne, ciascun le vede;
Ma tal le porta, chi nòle crede.*

*I wear the Horns, ev'ry one sees it;
Some do wear them, but will not believe it.*

The King returning in a short Time after to the Gentleman's, and seeing the Couplet, he desired him to explain it to him.

'If the Stag, says the Gentleman, knows nothing of the King's Secrets, it is not just that the King should be privy to the Secrets of the Stag. You should content yourself, Sire, with knowing, that all such as wear the Horns have not their Caps off their Heads. That the Horns are so pliant that they uncover no Body; and that some wear them without believing it.'

The

The King, by this Discourse, plainly saw that the Gentleman had discovered something in Relation to his own Affairs, but never suspected his familiarity with the Queen. This Princess acted her Part cunningly; for the more she was pleased with her Husband's Conduct, the more she pretended to be dissatisfied with him. Thus both Parties lived in good Friendship, till old Age traversed their mutual Pleasures.

The

*The amorous Adventure of AMOURDO
and FLORINDA.*

THE Countess of *Aranda* who had been married to the Earl of that Name, in the Kingdom of *Aragon*, was left a Widow in the Bloom of her Youth, with one Son, and a Daughter called *Florinda*. As she was descended from one of the best Families in *Spain*, she took care to bring up her Children in the Paths of Virtue and Honour, according to their Rank and Quality.

The Countess went frequently to *Toledo*, where the King of *Spain* kept his Court at that Time: When she came to *Saragosa*, which was not far from her own Seat, the Queen who kept her Residence in that City, was wont to keep her a considerable Time with her, having as much Regard for the Countess of *Aranda*, as for any other Lady about her Person. One Day as she was going to make her Court to the King, who was come to *Saragosa*, and lodged in his Palace of *Jaffiera*, she passed thro' a Village that belonged to the Vice-Roy of *Catalonia*, who was obliged not to absent himself from the Frontiers of *Perpignan* on Account of the Wars with *France*. But as Peace had been concluded between the two Monarchs much about that Time, the
Vice-

Vice-Roy, accompanied by several Officers of Note, was also come to pay his Respects to his Majesty; and having Advice that the Countess should go thro' his Lands, in her Way to Court, he set out to meet her; that by such a respectful Compliment, she might be persuaded of the Esteem which he had for a long while professed for her, as well for her own great Worth, as that she was allied to the Crown.

The Vice-Roy was attended by several Gentleman of great Distinction, who had acquired so much Renown in the Wars, that every Body thought himself happy in their Company. Amongst these Cavaliers there was one named *Amourdo*, who notwithstanding his slender Age, which did not exceed Eighteen Years, was, however, so sage and prudent both in his Conduct and Judgment, that out of a Thousand, he was thought the most proper to govern a Kingdom, or Commonwealth. It is true, that besides his great Wisdom, he had several beautiful Gifts of Nature, which gave him so engaging a Mien, and several pleasing Advantages, as could not be sufficiently admired.

His Conversation was not less agreeable than his Person; and it could not be easily decided whether Nature was more liberal to him, in forming the Beauties of his Body, or the Charms of his Soul. But what made him most admired, was his undaunted Courage, not com-

mon to those of his Age : On many Occasions he had given Testimonies of what he was capable of doing, that not only *Spain*, but *France* and *Italy* had set a great Value on his Virtue ; and had never spared himself in any of the Wars in which he was concerned. When Peace flourish'd in his own Country, he went as a Volunteer into foreign Parts, to meet with Opportunities of distinguishing himself in their Battles, and engage the Love both of Friends and Enemies.

This Gentleman, who was very assiduous in his Attendance on the General, was along with him when he went to meet the Countess of *Aranda*. *Amourdo* no sooner beheld the singular Beauty of the Countess's Daughter, who was but twelve Years old, than he felt his Heart to swell and flutter. He was sure he had never before seen any Thing so lovely and modest, and believed that if he could but procure her Affection, he should conclude himself more happy, than if he possessed all the Riches and Pleasures of the World. Having well weigh'd this Matter, he resolv'd to love this Beauty, in Spight of all the Impossibilities which Reason could object to his Success, on Account of the Disproportion of their Birth, or of her Age, which could not listen to any passionate Discourses. These Obstacles he thought to surmount by a firm Constancy, and promised himself that Time

and Patience would put a happy End to his Fatigues.

Love, which on the other Hand, had with great Violence subdued the Heart of *Amourdo*, made him hope for an agreeable Opportunity to discover his Thoughts to her. In order to render the greatest Difficulty easy, which was the Distance between their Residence, and the few Occasions he should have of seeing *Florinda*, he resolved to marry, tho' he had promised otherwise to the Ladies of *Barcelona* and *Perpignan*. He had made so long a Stay on these Frontiers during the Wars, that he had more of the *Catalan* than *Castilian* Air. Notwithstanding that he had been born of a noble and rich Family near *Toledo*, as he was the youngest of all his Brothers, he could not boast of Wealth; But Love and Fortune, seeing him deserted by his Parents, resolved to make him their Darling, and to grant to his Merit what the Laws of his Country had refused him. He was Master of the Art of War; and the Persons of the first Rank had so great a Sense of his Worth, that he oftner refused their good Offices, than he had any Reason to solicit them.

The Countess of *Aranda* having arrived at *Saragosa*, was very graciously received by the King, and the whole Court. The Vice-Roy of *Catalonia* visited her frequently, and *Amourdo* never missed accompanying him, for no other Motive

0 2 than

than that he might have the Pleasure of seeing *Florinda*. To make himself known in such high Company, he address'd himself to the Daughter of an old Cavalier, who was his Neighbour. This young Lady's Name was *Aventurada*: she was bred up from her Childhood with *Florinda*, and knew all the Secrets of her Heart. Whether *Amourdo* had a Passion for her, or that he was dazzled with three Thousand Ducats Revenue, which she was to have for her Dowry, is uncertain; however, he talk'd of Marriage to her, to which she list'n'd with Pleasure: But as he was poor, and the old Cavalier rich, she believ'd that the good Man would never give his Consent, unless he were importuned thereto by the Countess of *Aranda*. For this Motive she disclos'd her Mind to *Florinda*, saying 'I believe, Madam, that this *Castilian* Gentleman whom you often see in Discourse with me here, designs to marry me; you know the Punctilio of my Father, and you may plainly see that he never will consent thereto, unless he be press'd to it seriously by the Countess and yourself.' *Florinda* who had the young Lady's Happiness as much at Heart as her own, assur'd her that she would make it her own Case. *Aventurada* introduc'd *Amourdo* into her Presence, who on kissing *Florinda's* Hand, narrowly escap'd sounding away for Joy. Tho' he was reput'd as bright a Man in Conversation

tion as any in *Spain*, in the Presence of *Florinda*, he could not utter a Word. She was greatly surpris'd at his Confusion, and, notwithstanding she was but turn'd of Twelve, she remembered to have heard *Amourdo* much praised for his polite Discourses on all Manner of Subjects, and that he could deliver himself with a better Grace than any other in all the Country.

Seeing that he could not command a single Word, she broke the silence. 'Your Reputation is well known all over *Spain*, says *Florinda*, that it would be surpris'ing, *Senor Amourdo*, if you could pass for a Stranger here; and those who are acquainted with you wish for Opportunities to serve you: Therefore, if I can do you any good Offices, I entreat you to put your Confidence in me.' *Amourdo* who all this while was taking a Survey of *Florinda's* Beauty, was so transported, that he could scarce give her Thanks for her generous Offer: And tho' *Florinda* was amazed to see that he returned no Answer, as she imputed his Silence to something else besides Love, she retired without saying any more.

Amourdo reflecting on the many Virtues which, with her Youth, began to shine in *Florinda*, says to *Aventurada*, 'Is it not strange to see me lose my Speech before that young Lady: She talks with so much Wisdom, and her tender Age conceals so much Virtue, that while I was in that Admiration, I
but could

' could not speak. As you know her Secrets,
 ' I beseech you to tell me, how is it possible for
 ' the Hearts of the Princes and Lords of this
 ' Court, to resist so many Charms? As for
 ' my own Part, I must allow, that nothing
 ' but the Insensibility of a Rock or Brute can
 ' withstand her.' *Aventurada*, who from that
 Moment loved the young Cavalier more than
 ever she did before, being unwilling to secret
 any thing from *Amourdo*, told him ' That
 ' *Fiorinda* was admired by all the World ;
 ' but to comply with the Custom of the
 ' Country, conversed with very few ; and
 ' that he had seen no Body act the Part of a
 ' passionate Lover to her, except Two young
 ' *Spanish* Lords, who were inclined to marry
 ' her ; the one a Son of the *Fortunate Infant* ;
 ' and the other, the young Duke of *Cardona*.'

I conjure you to tell me, says *Amourdo*, which
 of the Two is it that she loves most ? ' She
 ' is so cunning, reply'd *Aventurada*, that I
 ' never could learn any thing more from her,
 ' with Regard to this Affair, than that she
 ' would be entirely governed therein by her
 ' Mother's Will : But in all Appearance, she
 ' seems to me to prefer the *Infant's* Son to the
 ' young Duke. I believe you to be a Man of
 ' so much good Sense, continued *Adventurada*,
 ' that from this present Time, you may if
 ' you will, be privy to the whole. The *For-*
 ' *fortunate Infant's* Son has been bred at this Court,
 ' and

and is the most comely, and best accomplished
 of all the young Princes of *Europe*. If the
 young Ladies at Court could carry it by
 Votes, this Match should soon be concluded,
 and the most amiable Couple in the World
 joined together. You must know that not-
 withstanding their early Years, he being in
 the Fifteenth, and as for her Age you already
 know it; yet they have expressed a Passion
 for each other these three Years past. If you
 have a Mind to pay your Court to *Florinda*, I
 advise you to get into the young Prince's Fa-
 vour. *Amourdo* was pleased to hear that
Florinda was in Love, hoping that in Time
 he would become, if not her Spouse, at least
 her Admirer: For his Courage did not fail
 him, and all his Fears were, lest she should
 not love again.
Amourdo found no great Difficulty to be in-
 troduced to the Son of the *Fortunate Infant*:
 And met with less in procuring his Esteem,
 for he knew how to go readily thro' all the
 Exercises, which the young Prince was fond
 of. He was an excellent Horseman, and dex-
 terous in every thing relating to Arms, which
 an Officer should be skillful in. The War be-
 ing then renewed in *Languedoc*, *Amourdo* was
 obliged to return with the Vice-Roy to the
 Frontiers. But this could not be done without
 a great deal of regret on his Part, he moving to
 such a Distance from *Florinda*. Before his
 Depart-

Departure, he acquainted his Brother, who was *Major-Domo* to the Queen of *Spain*, with his Engagement with *Aventurada*; and entreated him so to manage in his Absence, that the Match might take Place, and to employ the Credit of the King and Queen, and of all his Friends therein. The *Major-Domo*, who loved his Brother as much for being a Man of Honour, as for his near Kindred to him, promised to do all that lay in his Power to serve him. He acted his Part so well, that the Father of *Aventurada*, old and covetous as he was, forgetting all his Avarice, suffered himself to be moved by the extraordinary Parts of *Amourdo*, which were represented to him to the best Advantage, by the Countess of *Aranda*; but more particularly by the beautiful *Florinda*, and the young Count of *Aranda*; who, as he grew up, expressed a great Regard for Persons of Merit. When the Marriage was concluded between the Parents, the *Major-Domo* sent for his Brother, whose Absence from the Army was the easier consented to, as a truce had been agreed upon by both the Kings. In this interval, the bad Air obliged the King of *Spain* to retire to *Madrid*; but before he set out, at the Request of the Dutchess of *Aranda*, he had the Marriage Ceremony performed between the Dutchess, Heiress of *Medinaceli*, and the young Count of *Aranda*; as well for the Aggrandisement of their Families, as the Consideration
his

his Majesty always had for the Countess. The Wedding was kept at the Palace of *Madrid*: *Amourdo* was present, and pushed on his own so effectually, that he married a Lady on whom he bestowed more Love than he received from her. On the other Hand, he married her for no other Reason, than to have a plausible Pretext to frequent the Places, where the Object of all his Affection was to be seen.

After this Marriage, he grew so familiar and bold at the Countess of *Aranda's*, tho' at the same Time agreeable, that they had no more suspicion of him, than if he had been a Woman. Notwithstanding that he was but Twenty-two Years of Age, he was, however, so sage and prudent, that the Countess communicated all her Affairs to him; and ordered her Son and Daughter, to entertain him, and follow his Counsels. Having gained so material a Point, he behaved with so much Wisdom and Address, that even *Florinda* whom he loved, perceived nothing of his Passion for her. As this young Lady had a great Affection for *Amourdo's* Wife; she put so much Confidence in the Husband, that she hid nothing from him; and he wrought so far upon her, that she own'd her Love for the *Fortunate Infant's* Son to him. As all his Views went no farther, than to gain her wholly to himself; he was for ever amusing her with some Discourse or other, not regarding much what the Subject was, so he

could but divert her for some Time. He was scarce a Month wedded, when he was obliged to return to the Army, and was upwards of Two Years, before he could return to see his Wife, who continued with her Father. He often wrote to her during his Absence, but his Letters were chiefly filled with Compliments to *Florinda*, who on her Part never failed to return them; and often with her own Hand, wrote some pleasant Thing or other to him in *Aventurada's* Letters. This was enough to oblige the Husband to write the oftner to his Wife. *Florinda* knew nothing of his Design all the while, only that she respected him as if he were her Brother. *Amourdo* at last, did nothing but come and return again; and for the Space of Five Years, had not been two whole Months with his Wife. However, in Spite of the great Distance at which they lived, and his long Absence, Love did not cease to flow upon him, and even to rivet itself.

Amourdo having come at a certain Time to visit his Wife, he found the Countess at a great Distance from the Court. The King was gone to *Andalusia*, and had taken the young Count of *Aranda*, who began to bear Arms, along with him. The Countess was retired to one of her Country-Seats on the Frontiers of *Arragon* and *Navarre*, and was highly pleased with *Amourdo's* arrival, as she had not seen him for three Years before. He was well received

ceived by all the Family, and the Countess gave Orders that he should be treated like her own Son. During his stay, she laid all the Affairs of her Family before him, and followed his Advice in every Respect. In a Word, he gained so great an Ascendant in the Family, that they all vied with one another in their obsequiousness to him; and were so prepossessed of his Probity, that they put as much Confidence in him, as if he were an Angel from Heaven. As to *Florinda*, because she loved *Aventurada*, and her Husband for her Sake; she on all Occasions shewed him Marks of her Affection, without having any Suspicion of his disguised Intentions. *Florinda's* Heart being free from Passion, she took a deal of Pleasure in *Amourdo's* Company, without entertaining any other Thought. *Amourdo* was very much puzzled, not knowing how to avoid the Penetration of those who, by Experience, knew the Difference there was between the Looks of a Man in Love, and him who had no such Inclination. For, when *Florinda*, who had no Design or View in any of her Actions, talked to him in a familiar Strain, the Fire which was concealed in his Heart, was wont to appear in his Face and Eyes with so much Violence, that he could not hide it. But to prevent a Discovery, he feigned to play the Gallant with a certain Lady whose Name was *Paulina*, and had been so complete a Beauty, that few Men could be-

hold her with Indifference. *Paulina* having heard that *Amourdo* had acted the Lover at *Barcelona* and *Perpignan*, and had won the Hearts of the most beautiful Ladies in those Parts, and particularly that of a Countess at *Palamos*, who was reckoned one of the first Toasts of all *Spain*, told him one Day, ' That she was ' sorry, after so many lucky Opportunities, it ' should be his Fate to marry a Woman so ' disagreeable as his Wife was.' *Amourdo* finding that she had Compassion enough in her to supply his Wants, answered her in the most obliging Manner he could, in Hopes that he might screen a Truth from her, by making her believe the contrary.

Paulina being well versed in Love Affairs, she would not content herself with Words; and seeing that the Sentiments of *Amourdo's* Heart differed from her own, she doubted not but he designed her for a Cloke. Being full of this suspicion, she watched him so narrowly, that the least Motion of his Eyes could not escape her Observations: However, he knew how to govern them so well, tho' with abundance of Pain, that she never could form any Judgment from his Conduct, that could give him any Uneasiness. *Florinda*, who perceived nothing all this while of *Amourdo's* Passion for her, continued to converse so familiarly with him in the Presence of *Paulina*, that he was forced to struggle with his Eyes to prevent their following

lowing the Motions of his Heart. To avoid these Inconveniencies, talking one Day to *Florinda*, as they both lean'd on a Window, he said, ' I entreat you, Madam, to give me
' your Opinion, and tell me whether it be better to speak or die ?' I would always advise my Friends to speak, says *Florinda*, without any Hesitation ; for scarce any thing can be said which may not be remedied, but there is no Redress for Death. ' You promise me then,
' Madam, reply'd *Amourdo*, that not only
' you will not be displeased at what I must
' declare to you, but that you will not be surprized thereat, till I have made you sensible
' of my Intention? Say what you will, answered
' *Florinda*, for if you surprize me, nothing
' shall be able to reconcile me.

' Two Reasons, Madam, continued *Amourdo*, have hindered me from speaking to you
' of the great Love I have for you : The
' one, that I would discover it to you, by my
' long and faithful Services ; and the other,
' because that I dreaded that you would look
' upon it as a great Piece of Vanity, that I,
' who am no more than a plain Gentleman,
' should carry my Thoughts so high. Had
' my Birth been as illustrious as yours, a Heart
' so constant as that which you possess, would
' not be pleased that any other but the happy
' Person to whom you have made a Present
' of it, should talk to you in this Manner.

' But,

‘ But, Madam, as Necessity constrains one,
 ‘ during the Course of a tedious War, to waste
 ‘ his Fortunes, and destroy the Corn while in
 ‘ the Blade, that the Enemy may make no
 ‘ Advantage of it; in the same Manner I take
 ‘ the Liberty to anticipate the Fruit, which I
 ‘ hope in Time to gather, for fear that your
 ‘ Enemies and mine should profit by our Loss.
 ‘ I ought to tell you, Madam, that from the
 ‘ first Moment that I had the Honour to see
 ‘ you, tho’ you were then very young, I have
 ‘ wholly dedicated myself to your Service, and
 ‘ have neglected nothing that could win me your
 ‘ good Will; and it was for this Reason that I
 ‘ married the first of your Favourites. You see
 ‘ that I have had the good Fortune to procure
 ‘ the Esteem of the Countess your Mother,
 ‘ and of the Count your Brother, and of all
 ‘ those whom you respect, and that I am look’d
 ‘ upon, not as a Domestick, but as a Child of the
 ‘ Family. All the Pains I have taken these
 ‘ Five Years, had no other Tendency than to
 ‘ gain me the Happiness of spending my whole
 ‘ Life with you. I pretend to no Riches or
 ‘ Pleasures from you, that are not founded on
 ‘ Honour and Virtue. I know very well that
 ‘ I cannot marry you, and were it lawful for
 ‘ me so to do, I would not consent to it, to the
 ‘ Prejudice of him that you have already made
 ‘ a Choice of. To love with a criminal
 ‘ Flame, as those do who pretend that the In-
 ‘ famy

‘ famy of the Sex, ought to be the Recom-
‘ pence of their long Services, is a Thing so
‘ remote from my Thoughts, that I would
‘ prefer to see you dead, rather than to know
‘ that you deserved to be less beloved, and that
‘ your Virtue had received the least Tarnish,
‘ notwithstanding any Pleasure I should re-
‘ ceive therefrom. I entreat but one Thing of
‘ you as a Reward of my Services, and that
‘ is, that you would consent to be always my
‘ Sovereign, and to continue me the Honour
‘ of your good Wishes; to leave me in the
‘ State I now possess, and to put your Trust
‘ in me more than in any other. As to the
‘ rest, Madam, do me the Honour to be per-
‘ suaded, that whenever you have Occasion for
‘ the Life of a Gentleman, who esteems and
‘ infinitely respects you, mine shall be sa-
‘ crificed to your Pleasure. I also beg of
‘ you, Madam, to believe, that whatever I
‘ may do, with Honour and Virtue, it shall
‘ be all for your Sake. If I have done any
‘ thing, that was worthy of being taken No-
‘ tice of, for Ladies who had not your Merit,
‘ what must I not do for you? The Affairs
‘ which seemed difficult and impossible to me
‘ before, will prove easy to me now. But if it be
‘ not agreeable to you that I should be wholly
‘ yours, my Resolution is to quit the Army,
‘ and to lay aside that Honour and Virtue,
‘ which cannot help me in Need. I therefore
‘ beseech

' beseech you, to grant me this reasonable Fa-
 ' your which I implore of you, and which
 ' you cannot in Honour or Conscience, refuse
 ' me.'

This Discourse, which was altogether new
 to *Florinda*, made her change Colour : Her
 surprize made her look down to the Ground ;
 but as she was very prudent, she answered thus,
 ' What need was there for so long a Speech,
 ' *Amourdo*, to require of me what you al-
 ' ready have ? I greatly fear that under the
 ' Appearance of Civilities, you conceal some-
 ' thing which may be displeasing, and my
 ' unexperienced Youth not acquainted with it ;
 ' even my Answer, perhaps, is not as it ought
 ' to be. To refuse the Offer of a civil Friend-
 ' ship which you make me, I must act contrary
 ' to what I have hitherto done, and you are
 ' the only Person in whom I repos'd my
 ' chiefest Confidence. My Conscience and Hon-
 ' our are not against what you demand, nor
 ' the Love I have for the Son of the *Fortunate*
 ' *Infant*, since it is founded on Matrimony, to
 ' which you have no Pretension. Nothing
 ' then hinders me from answering you accord-
 ' ing to your Desire, but the little Room you
 ' have of addressing yourself in this Manner
 ' to me. If you already have what you ask,
 ' why do you sollicit it again, with so much
 ' Earnestness ?

• You

‘ You reproach me with abundance of
‘ Prudence, Madam, answered *Amourdo*, who
‘ had his reply ready; and you do me so much
‘ Justice in reposing your Confidence in me,
‘ as you say, that if I had not been content
‘ with that Happiness, I should be unworthy
‘ of all the rest; but consider, Madam, that
‘ he who intends to build a lasting Edifice,
‘ ought to begin by a good and solid Founda-
‘ tion. As I make a perpetual Offering of
‘ myself to you, I not only reflect on the
‘ Means of being always near you, but also
‘ to prevent that my Attachment for you may
‘ not be known. Tho’ this Attachment,
‘ Madam, be very honourable, notwithstanding,
‘ those that are not acquainted with the Hearts
‘ of Lovers, often think ill of them: And
‘ this gives Occasion of so many Reports, as
‘ if the Conjectures were true. What makes
‘ me speak thus, Madam, is, that *Paulina*,
‘ who is very sensible that I cannot love her,
‘ suspects me to such a Degree, that wherever
‘ I go to, she has her Eyes fixed on me.
‘ When you talk to me before her, with so
‘ much Condescension, I am under the greatest
‘ Apprehensions, lest I should do any thing
‘ that might give her an Opportunity of forming
‘ any bad Notions, that I often fall into the
‘ very Thing I would avoid. This obliges
‘ me, Madam, to entreat you not to speak so
‘ freely to me in her Presence, or before those

' whom you know to be of the same Temper
 ' with her ; for I protest to you, Madam,
 ' that I had rather be dead, than that my Re-
 ' gard for you should be known. If your Ho-
 ' nour were less dear to me, I should not have
 ' hurried myself to acquaint you with all this,
 ' deeming myself so happy, and pleased with
 ' your Love for me, and the Confidence you re-
 ' pose in me, that I wish for nothing more than
 ' the Continuance of your Goodness.'

Florinda was so well satisfied with this Dis-
 course, that she could scarce contain herself, and
 from that Moment, began to feel some Emotions
 in her Heart, to which she was not accustomed.
Let Virtue and Honour answer for me, says she
 to him. She was charmed with this Manner
 of reasoning, and granted his Request. If
Amourdo was in a Transport of Joy, it is what
 Lovers make no Doubt of, *Florinda*, followed
 his Advice beyond his Wish ; for being un-
 willing to speak to him before *Paulina* or any
 where else, she did not follow him as she was
 used to do. She, however, grew uneasy at his
 Correspondence with *Paulina*, who appeared
 so beautiful to her, that she could not believe
 but he was in Love with her. *Florinda* divert-
 ed her Grief with *Aventurada*, who began also
 to be very jealous of her Husband and *Paulina*.
 She made lamentable Complaints to *Florinda*,
 who being seized with the same Distemper,
 comforted her as well as she could.

Amourdo

Amourdo having soon discovered a Change in *Florinda*, not only believed that she was upon the Reserve, as he had advised her, but that she even conceived disadvantageous Thoughts of him. One Afternoon, accompanying her home from Church, 'What Face is this you make, Madam, says he to her.' Such as I believe you would have me make, reply'd *Florinda*. He mistrusting the Truth of her Answer, and to inform himself better, he added, 'I have managed so well, Madam, that *Paulina* suspects you no longer.' You could not do better for yourself and me, says *Florinda*, for in pleasing yourself, you do me Honour. *Amourdo* finding by her Answer, that she believed he took Pleasure in frequenting *Paulina*'s Company, was so provoked, that he could not help telling her in a Passion, That she begun early to make him suffer. 'I am more to be pitied, says he, than blamed ; and the most exquisite Mortification that I ever have had, is the sorrowful Necessity to which I am reduced, of conversing with a Woman whom I cannot love, since you have put a wrong Construction on what I have done to serve you ; I shall never more speak to *Paulina*, let what will be the Consequence. To hide my Misfortunes, as I have done my Raptures, I shall retire to some neighbouring Place, where I shall wait till your Whim is over. But I expect to receive News from my General, and be obliged to return to the

Q 2

' Army,

‘ Army, where I shall stay till you are sensible that nothing keeps me here but yourself:’ He then withdrew without waiting for her Answer, which afflicted *Florinda* more than can be expressed. Thus Love began to shew its Force.

This Beauty having recovered herself a little, and finding that she was in the wrong, wrote a Billet to *Amourdo*, praying him to return; which he did as soon as his Passion was calm’d. An exact Detail of what pass’d between them, to destroy the Prejudices of Jealousy, cannot easily be given; but *Amourdo* justified his own Conduct so well, that *Florinda* promised him, that she would not only never believe that he loved *Paulina*, but was convinced that it would be one of the most inhuman Martyrdoms for him, to keep Company with her, or any other, but with a Design of pleasing his *Florinda*.

When Love had entirely dissipated this Cloud, and that the Lovers began to take more Pleasure than ever to divert one another; News was brought that the King of *Spain* had ordered the whole Army to march to *Salsas*. *Amourdo* who was wont to be one of the first that join’d the King’s Forces, was regardless of this Opportunity of acquiring new Fame. However, he set out with great Regret, contrary to his usual Disposition, on Account of the Pleasure he should lose, as well as the Apprehensions he had, of some Alterations in the Family before his Return. He knew that *Florinda* was turned of the Fifteenth Year of her Age;

Age; that several Princes and great Lords courted her; and concluded, that if she was married in his Absence, he never should be able to see her, unless the Countess of *Aranda* would appoint *Aventurada* for her Companion. He conducted this Affair so well, and engaged the Interest of his Friends so successfully, that the Countess and *Florinda* promised him that wherever she was married, his Wife should not leave her: And as a Match was then proposed to her in *Portugal*, it was resolved that *Aventurada* should accompany her thither. *Amourdo* having settled this Matter, he departed for the Army, tho' not without great Concern, and left his Wife with the Countess.

Florinda finding herself all alone in the Absence of her Lover, lived in such a Manner as gave her Room to hope for the Reputation of the most virtuous, and to make the World acknowledge, that she deserved a Lover of so good a Character. On the other Hand, *Amourdo* having arrived at *Barcelona*, was, according to Custom, exceedingly well received by the Ladies. But they found him so altered, that they could never have believed, that Marriage should Metamorphose a Man in such a Manner. In Effect, he was no more the same; and it was observed, that the Sight of the very Things which he long'd for at other Times, displeased him then. The Countess of *Palamos*, whom he
so

so affectionally loved, could never find Means to persuade him to pay her one Visit. As *Amourdo* was impatient to be where Honour was acquired, he made as little Stay in *Barcelona* as he could. He no sooner arrived at *Salsas*, but the War broke out with great Fury between the two Kings. We shall not enter into the History of this War, or the Heroick Actions performed by *Amourdo*; for instead of giving a Novel to our Readers, we should be obliged to present them with a large Volume. Let it suffice to say, that *Amourdo's* Fame surpassed that of his Companions.

The Duke of *Nagyeres* who commanded a Body of two Thousand Men, arrived at *Perpignan*, and importuned *Amourdo* to be his Lieutenant. He acted his Part so well with his small Corps, that in all the Skirmishes, no other Cry was heard but *Nagyeres*! It happened that the King of *Tunis*, who for many Years before, had been in War with the *Spaniards*, hearing of the Rupture between *Spain* and *France*, on the Side of *Perpignan* and *Narbona*, believed that he ought to take Advantage of this Opportunity, to distress the King of *Spain*. For this End, he sent a numerous Fleet to pillage and plunder the *Spanish* Coast. The Inhabitants of *Barcelona* seeing such a large Fleet sail by their Port, gave Advice thereof to their King, who was then at *Salsas*, and thereupon sent the Duke of *Nagyeres* immediately to
Palamos.

Palamos. The *Barbarians* seeing that Place so well guarded, made a shew of proceeding further, but returned in the Night-time, and landed so many Men, that the Duke of *Nagyeres* was surprized and taken Prisoner. *Amourdo*, who was always very vigilant, hearing the Noise, assembled with all speed as many of his People as he could, and defended himself so gallantly, that the Enemy, tho' greatly superior to him in Number, were for a considerable Time attacking his Quarters before they could annoy him. But at last, having heard that the Duke was taken Prisoner, and that the *Turks* were resolved to burn *Palamos*, and the House where he held out against them; he preferred to surrender to their Mercy, rather than to be the Cause of having all those who follow him, cut to Pieces. Besides, as he was to be ransomed, he hoped once more to see *Florinda*. These Considerations moved him to surrender himself to a *Turk*, whose Name was *Derlin*, and one of the King of *Tunis's* Governors. *Derlin* conducted him to his Master, where he was well received and honoured, but better guarded; for they imagined that they had the *Achilles* of *Spain* in their Hands, and he remained near two Years with the King of *Tunis*.

The News of this Disaster being carried into *Spain*, the Duke of *Nagyeres's* Relations were greatly afflicted at his Mistortune; but those who were fond of the Glory of their Country,

Country, knew that the loss of *Amourdo* was much more considerable to the Nation. The News of this Defeat reached the Countess of *Aranda's*, where poor *Aventurada* lay dangerously ill. The Countess who greatly suspected the tender Sentiments *Amourdo* had for her Daughter; which she tollerated and dissembled, out of Regard to his known Merit, called *Florinda* aside, to acquaint her with the disagreeable Account she had received. The young Lady being an Adept in the Art of Dissimulation, said, That Loss was very great for all their Family, and above all pitied his poor Wife, who, as an additional Affliction, was confined to her Bed. But seeing her Mother weep, she dropped a few Tears to keep her Company; lest, by feigning too much the cheat, she should be discovered. The Countess frequently discoursed with her afterward about the Catastrophe, but never could pick any thing out of her, that could give her the least Room to persevere in her Suspicions of her. We shall say nothing of the Pilgrimage, Prayers, and Fasts of *Florinda*, for the Preservation of *Amourdo*. He was no sooner carried to *Tunis* than he sent a Relation of his Misfortunes to his Friends, and sent an Express to *Florinda* to let her know, that he was in good Health, and in full Hopes of seeing her again; which to her was a great Comfort. It must not be asked here whether she could write, she answered his Letter with

with so much Diligence that *Amourdo* had not Leisure to fret about it.

At this very Time, the Countess received Orders to repair to *Saragosa*, to which Place the King was returned. The young Duke of *Cardona* was also at Court, and had Interest enough with the King and Queen, to persuade the Countess to conclude a Marriage between him and *Florinda*. The Countess, who could not refuse any thing to their Majesties, consented thereto, and the more readily, as she believed her Daughter, at the Age she was in, had no other Will but her Mother's. Every thing being agreed upon, the Countess told her Daughter that she had chosen a Husband, for her, whom she took for the most advantageous Party. The Daughter seeing that she had nothing to deliberate about, since the Affair was already concluded, resolved to follow the Dictates of Obedience; and to compleat her Sorrow, she was informed, that the Son of the *Fortunate Infant* lay so dangerously ill, that his Life was depaired of. Notwithstanding, she never discovered any Concern to her Mother, or any Body else; and stifled her Grief so well, that instead of melting into Tears, she was seized with a bleeding at the Nose, which had like to carry her into the other World. All the Remedy she had, was to marry the very Man she hated more than Death. After the Celebration of the Nuptials,

Florinda went with her Husband to the Dutchy of *Cardona*, and took *Aventurada*, in whom she had placed all her Confidence, along with her. She often complained to her of the Severity of her Mother, and did not conceal her Sorrow from her, which the Loss of the *Fortunate Infant's* Son had brought upon her. As for *Amourdo*, she never mentioned his Name to her, except when she endeavoured to solace her in her Afflictions.

Florinda resolved, however, to make Honour her Guide, and to conceal her Inquietudes so well, that none of her Attendants ever perceived the Distaste she had for her Husband. In this Disguise she lived some considerable Time, leading a Life which was not much better than Death to her. She did not fail to give *Amourdo* Advice of the whole; who, knowing her great Heart, and the Love she had for the Son of the *Fortunate Infant*, believed that it would be impossible for her to live, and pity'd her tenderly. This Affliction added greatly to all his other Sorrows. He would with all his Heart remain in slavery during his whole Life, provided *Florinda* had a Husband agreeable to her Soul. The Thoughts of his Friend's Misfortunes made him forget his own. While he was thus hurry'd in his Mind, he was told by a Friend he had made at the King of *Tunis's* Court, that that Prince was resolved to get him impaled (stead alive) unless

unless he renounced his Faith ; because he had a Design to keep him in his own Service, in Case he could make a good *Turk* of him. To prevent this shock, he prevailed on his Master to let him go on his Parole, without taking any Notice of it to the King ; but set so great a Ransom on him, that he could scarce believe a Man of his small Fortune could ever raise the Sum.

Amourdo, on his Return to *Spain*, made no Stay at Court, but went to seek his Ransom in the Purses of his Friends. He came directly to *Barcelona*, where the young Duke of *Cardona*, together with his Mother and *Florinda*, then were, to transact some Business. *Aventurada* had no sooner heard of her Husband's Arrival, but she acquainted *Florinda* with it, who was very glad to hear of his Return : And to prevent discovering too much Joy in her Looks, at the Sight of *Amourdo*, which might be explained to her Prejudice, by such as were Strangers to them, she placed herself at a Window to see him come at a Distance : She no sooner had Sight of him, than descending by a back Stairs to meet him, so dark that it was impossible to discern when she changed Colour, she embraced him, and conducted him him to her Apartment. She afterwards presented him to her Mother-in-Law, who had never seen him before. He had not been two Days with them, when he was in as great Esteem

the Duke and his Mother, as he had been with the Countess of *Aranda*.

We shall say nothing of the Conversation that passed between him and *Florinda*, nor of the Concern he expressed for her Sufferings in his Absence. She, on her Part, melted into sorrowful Tears for being married against her Inclination; and losing the *Fortunate Infant's* Son, whom she passionately loved, and never expected to see any more. However, she came to a Resolution to comfort herself with *Amourdo*, for whom she had a great Regard, and could safely open her Mind to him, but was unwilling to explain herself. *Amourdo* perceiving the Agitation her Soul was in, lost no Opportunity of making her sensible how much he admired her.

Florinda being no longer able to hinder herself from raising *Amourdo* from a Lover expectant, to the Degree of a favourite one, a vexatious incident happened to him at that very Time. The King, for some important Reason or other, ordered *Amourdo* to come to Court. His Wife was so afflicted with this News, that she sounded away; and falling from a Step of the Stairs on which she then stood, received such a Contusion that she never recovered it. *Florinda* being deprived, by this Death, of all her Comforts, mourned as much for her, as if he had lost her own nearest Relations and Friends. *Amourdo* was inconsolable; for be-
sides

sides the Loss of a faithful Wife, he could not have any further Means of seeing *Florinda*. So overwhelmed was he with Grief, that he apprehended a sudden Death. The old Dutchesse of *Cardona* was constantly at his Bed-side, and exhausted all her Philosophy to console him, without Effect; for tho' the Thoughts of Death afflicted him on one Side, Love, on the other, made a Martyr of him.

Aventurada being buried, and the King's Orders very pressing, *Amourdo* could alledge no further Excuses for a greater Delay; which so heightened his Despair, that he was almost delirious. *Florinda*, who used her Endeavours to recover him, tho' she wanted such good Offices herself, spent a whole Afternoon with him, and diverted his Grief as well as she possibly could; and assured him that she would find Opportunities of seeing him oftner than he imagined. As he was to set out the next Day, and yet so weak that he could not leave his Bed, he begged of her to come to him at Night, when every Body was retired. She promised to grant him this Request, little knowing that a boundless Passion could listen to no Reason.

Amourdo having loved *Florinda* for many Years, without even obtaining any thing from her, except what we have related; and despairing of seeing her after that Night; Love and Honour having struggled hard in his Breast, and following the Dictates of the former, he resolved

resolved to win all, or lose all; and to pay himself at once for his assiduous Services. The Curtains of his Bed were drawn so close, that those who were in the same Room could not see him. His Moans increased in such a Degree, that none of the Family expected he could live to the next Day.

When every Body had been to see him, at Night, *Florinda*, persuaded even by her Husband, came to visit him again, being fully resolved to alleviate his Pain by declaring her Affection for him, and to tell him plainly, without any Disguise that she loved him as much as Honour would permit her to do. Having placed herself in a Chair at his Bed's Head, to shew how much she sympathized with him, she burst out into a Flood of Tears. *Amourdo* seeing her melt into Tenderness, thought the critical Minute was come, and raised himself up in the Bed. *Florinda*, who believed him to be too weak, offered to prevent him? Must I lose you for ever? says *Amourdo* to her on his Knees: And with that dropt into her Arms, as if his Strength had failed him. Poor *Florinda* embraced him, and held him a good while in that Posture, comforting him in the best Manner she could; but the Remedy she made use of to lessen his Pain, served only to add to it. In short, counterfeiting a Man in Agonies, without speaking

ing a Word, he made an Attempt on the Lady's Honour.

Florinda, seeing his wicked Design, which she could scarcely believe, after so many Years Experience of his Honour and Modesty; and the chaste Discourses he had entertained her with, asked him 'What he wanted to do?' *Amourdo* made her no Answer, but continued his Violence: At which *Florinda* was greatly surprized, but was inclined to believe that his Behaviour was the Effects of a disordered Brain, rather than any Design upon her Virtue. She called to a Gentleman whom she knew to be in the Room. *Amourdo* on his Approach, threw himself on the Bed with so much haste and carelesness, that the Gentleman thought he was expiring. *Florinda*, who was risen from her Chair, sent the Gentleman for a Smelling-bottle, and then asked *Amourdo* if he was mad? And what it was he designed to do?

'Services as constant as mine, answered
' *Amourdo*, whom Love had deprived of
' all Reason, do they deserve to be treat-
' ed with so much Cruelty? O Madam!
' no Body can have a greater Regard for
' your Honour than myself. While you
' continued unmarried, I knew how to con-
' quer my Passion so well, that you could never
' perceive how much I loved you: But at
' present, since you are married, and that your
' Honour

Honour is under Cover, what Prejudice do
 I do you in demanding that which apper-
 tains to me? For have I not won you by
 the Force of my Love? The first who
 possessed your Heart, has given himself such
 little Pains about your Body, that he has
 merited to lose both. He who possesses you,
 is unworthy of your Heart, and consequently
 he has no Property in you. As for my own
 Part, I have studied nothing else, these six
 or seven Years, but to serve you; of which
 you cannot be Ignorant: Therefore, Ma-
 dam, your Body and Heart, for which
 I have forgotten myself, must belong to
 me.

If you pretend to alledge Conscience, you
 must acknowledge that those who are sensi-
 ble, by Experience, of the Power of Love,
 will condemn you. It is certain that you
 have robbed me of my Liberty, and your
 Charms have so dazzled my Senses, that
 not knowing henceforward what to do, I
 am constrained to depart, without any Hopes
 of ever seeing you more. Notwithstanding,
 wheresoever it shall be my Lot to be, whe-
 ther on Land or Sea, or in the Hands of my
 Enemies, you may remain assured that my
 Heart is always with you. But if before my
 Departure, you would give me the Assurance
 I deserve, I then should be able patiently to
 support the Inquietudes that attend along
 Absence:

' Absence: If you do not vouchsafe to grant
' me this Request, you shall soon hear that
' your Rigour has been the cruel Cause of my
' Death.'

Florinda being as much astonished as displeased, to hear the only Man of the World whom she least suspected, talk in this Manner to her.
' Are these, *Amourdo*, says she, with Tears in
' her Eyes, the sage Discourses you entertained
' me with heretofore? Is this the Honour and
' Conscience which you have advised me to
' be more careful of, than of Life itself?
' Have you forgotten the Memory of the
' Ladies, whose Constancy was Proof against
' criminal Love, and which you have set before me as an Example of Virtue to copy
' after? Do you no longer remember the
' Disdain you express'd for those who had
' the Weakness to yield to this base Passion?
' I cannot believe, *Amourdo*, that you are so
' greatly altered, as that your Conscience, and
' my Honour shall not be of more Weights
' with you, than any other Consideration.

' If what you say be true, I render God infinite Thanks for having prevented the Misfortune I was going to plunge myself into, by letting me know, from your own Mouth, the Sentiments of your Heart, which I never did before. After having lost the Son of the
' *Fortunate Infant*, not only by my Marriage, but also because he had engaged his Heart elsewhere: And seeing myself wedded to a

' Man whom I cannot love, notwithstanding
 ' all my Efforts, I had taken a Resolution to
 ' bestow a sincere Heart on you, grounding
 ' my Affection on the Virtue which, to me,
 ' appeared in you, and which Maxim I be-
 ' lieve I had acquired by your Means, having
 ' frequently advised me to prefer Honour and
 ' Conscience to Life itself. Agreeable to this
 ' Rule, *Amourdo*, I came to settle a good Under-
 ' standing with you for the future, but you plainly
 ' discovered to me that I was going to build
 ' on a sandy Foundation. That Part of this
 ' Work which regarded me, was as good as
 ' done; but you, with one Stroke have undone
 ' all.

' For the future, you must not expect any
 ' Countenance from me, nor once think to
 ' speak to me in any Place whatsoever, either
 ' with Words or by Signs; and be persuaded
 ' that I shall never change my Sentiments.
 ' It is with extreme Regret that I tell it you. If
 ' I had sworn a perfect Friendship to you, I
 ' am very sensible that my Heart could not
 ' bear this Rupture, without feeling the Pangs
 ' of Death; tho', to say the Truth, my A-
 ' stonishment at your Rashness is so great and
 ' painful, that if it does not shorten my Life,
 ' it will render it very unhappy to me. I
 ' have nothing further to say to you, but to
 ' bid you an everlasting Farewell.

' We shall not undertake to describe *Amourdo's*
 ' Confusion at this Discourse. It would be not
 ' only

only impossible to execute it with Justness, but even to be conceived, except by those who had undergone the like Severity.

Amourdo seeing, after this cruel Conclusion, that she was going to leave the Room, caught hold of her by the Arm; being sure that he must lose her for ever, unless he could cancel the Impressions he had made on her Mind, which were greatly to his own Disadvantage. And composing his Countenance as well as he could, said, ' I have constantly wished, Madam, that it would be my good Fortune to love a virtuous Woman: My Heart having met with an Object whose Charms I was not able to resist, I was willing to know if the Beauties of your Soul were equal to those of your Person. At present, I am fully convinced thereof, I congratulate with myself for having bestowed my Heart on so much Perfection; and earnestly beg of you, Madam, to pardon my Caprice and Boldness, since it redounds so much to your Honour, and my Satisfaction.'

Florinda who began to be acquainted with the Wickedness of Man, by what she had so lately experienced; and as she could not, before, have easily believed the Danger she was in, she now could give less Credit to his Words, and told him, ' Would to God, *Amourdo*, that what you say were true: But I am not so ignorant as not to have learnt, from the State

of Matrimony, that the Force and Blindness of your Passion has hurried you on to this Attempt. If I should have the Misfortune not to oppose you, I am very certain that you would not change your Rashness. It is not thus that Virtue is gained. However, I am at present acquainted with the Design, and can be no longer in Error.' And then she quitted the Room.

Florinda spent the Remainder of the Night in Tears. This unexpected Change had caused her so much Grief, that her Heart could hardly support itself against the Sorrows, which her Regard for *Amourdo* had brought upon her. Her Reason told her that she ought no longer to love him; but her Heart, of which she was not always Mistress, told her a quite different Story. Not being able to resolve on loving him less than usual; and knowing that this Fault proceeded from the Tenderness of her Passion, she determined to indulge her Affection, and to love him with a sincere Heart, but out of Regard to her own Honour, not to discover it to him.

Amourdo set out the next Morning, with what Satisfaction any Body may guess. Notwithstanding, as his Heart was great, far from falling into Despair, he only with'd once more to see *Florinda*, and to recover her Esteem. Having taken the Road for *Toledo*, where the Court then was, he pass'd thro' the County of *Aranda*, and arriv'd at the Countess's House

House late at Night. The old Lady who was very much chagrined at the Absence of *Florinda*, saluted and embraced *Amourdo* as if he were her own Son. She not only loved him herself, but considered him as one whom she always suspected to be in love with *Florinda*. She asked him what News? He told her a great many agreeable Stories, to divert her, tho' not all true. He owned to her the Friendship which had always subsisted between him and *Florinda*, which she had taken care to conceal. He intreated the Countess to let him hear often from her, and to bring her Home as soon as she could. Having spent that Night at the Countess's, he resumed his Journey early the next Morning.

On his arrival at *Toledo*, he dispatched his Affairs at that Court, with more Expedition than he could have expected. Being ordered to join the Army, he began his Journey in so melancholly a Condition, and so strangely altered, that the Ladies and Officers, whose Company he had at other Times frequented, did not know him at first Sight. He wore nothing but black, and the Cloth Coarser than what was necessary for a Wife's Mourning, and happily covered the secret Grief of his Soul. *Amourdo* continued in this sorrowful State three or four Years, without coming once to Court.

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The Countess of *Aranda* being informed that *Florinda* was likewise so changed, that she moved every Body's pity who saw her, sent for her, in Hopes that she might find Means to retrieve her lost Health in her native Air. This could not be done; for *Florinda* having been told that *Amourdo* had revealed their Friendship to her Mother, was sure such a Journey could not fail of being pleasing to him, to which she would not contribute, were she to save her Life by it; and thought herself in a Condition to punish his Insolence without the Assistance of any Body. Besides, she knew that by concealing her Disorder, her Mother and Friends would oblige her to speak to *Amourdo*, who would certainly come from the Army to see her at the Countess's; and shew him a good Countenance, which she feared would render him more bold in his Designs on her. But that while he was at a Distance, she did not mind him, and never wrote to him but when her Mother had laid her Commands on her: *Amourdo* knew very well, that whenever he received any of her Letters, he was more beholden to Obedience than her Inclination. Instead of being in Raptures of Joy, as he was wont to be at other Times, when he heard from her; he constantly languished while he read these Letters, which were filled with nothing but Reproaches.

The Wars, however, which had lasted three or four Years, having given him fresh Opportunities of distinguishing his Valour, and picking up new Laurels, added also to his Hopes of regaining *Florinda's* Heart. To conquer his Enemy, for such she declared herself to be, he laid Reason, and the fear of Death aside. Having fixed on his Resolution, he prevailed with the General to send him to entertain the King in certain Enterprizes, that were formed against *Leucate*; and without giving himself any Uneasiness about the Consequences thereof; he communicated the Design of his Journey to the Countess of *Aran-da*, before he had any Discourse with his Majesty concerning the Matter.

As *Amourdo* knew that *Florinda* was then at her Mother's, he rid Post to the Countess's, to have her Advice, as he pretended. He sent one of his Friends before him, to acquaint her with his coming, and to entreat her to take no Notice of it to any Body, and to be pleased to confer with him in the Night, without the privity of any Body. The Countess, overjoyed at this News, imparted it to *Florinda*, and sent her to her Husband's Apartment, who was absent, to dress herself, that she might be ready to come when she should send for her.

Florinda, who had not yet been thoroughly recovered from her first Tears, did not, however,

ever, shew any Concern to her Mother; but instead of going to dress, she went to her Oratory, to recommend herself to her Creator, and to beseech him to Guarantee her Heart against all Foibleſſes. Calling to Mind that *Amourdo* had often praised her Beauty, which had suffered nothing by her long Illness, she chose rather to disfigure it herself, than that it should kindle a criminal Flame, in the Heart of so honest a Man. For this Purpose, she took a Stone which lay at Hand, and gave herself such blows with it on the Face, that the Blood ran from her Eyes, Nose and Mouth, and made her look like a horrid Spectacle. That it might not be discovered that she had done it, when the Countess sent for her, she fell down as she came out of the Oratory. Her cries brought her Mother to see what was the Matter, and found her in that sad Condition. *Florinda* got up and told her, that in the fall she had struck her Face against a great Stone which lay there. All Care was taken to stop the bleeding, and her Face being done with Bandages, the Countess conducted her to her Chamber, and desired her to go and entertain *Amourdo* who was in her Closet, till such Time as her Company should take Leave.

Florinda thinking *Amourdo* had some Body with him, obeyed her Mother's Command; but finding him all alone, and seeing him shut the

the Door at her coming in, she felt as much Uneasiness as she did Joy; for he was resolved either by Love or Force, to obtain what he had so long wished for.

Having discoursed with her for a little Time, he found her persevere in her former Sentiments, in which he had left her at their last Interview: And she protesting, that as to what regarded the Affair in Question, she would lose her Life sooner than alter her Way of Thinking. This short Speech drove *Amourdo* to the highest Pitch of Despair. He, however, made this Reply, 'It shall not be said, Madam, that a trifling Scruple has deprived me of the Fruit of my Labour; since Love, Patience and Entreaties, are of no Signification, Force must then take Place.'

Florinda looking full in his Face, discovered so much Alteration in his Countenance, that the Flame of his Soul seemed to burst out at his Eyes. His Face was as red as Scarlet, and the softest Glances were grown horrible and frightful. He held both her soft Hands fast; so that she could not stir.

Florinda finding herself without any Guard, and held by the Hands and Feet, in such a Manner, that it was in vain for her to attempt to run away, or resist him, determined, as the only Means left her to disarm his Fury, to try if his first Love for her was forgotten, 'If I ought, *Amourdo*, says she, to look up-

' on you at present as an Enemy, I conjure
 ' you by the honourable Love, with which
 ' I believe your Heart was formerly possessed,
 ' that you will hearken to what I have to say,
 ' before you begin to be my Executioner. To
 ' what Purpose do you pursue an Affair,
 ' which can afford you no Pleasure, but must
 ' involve me in endless Grief? During my tender
 ' Age and Bloom, which served as a Motive to
 ' your Passion; you have been so well acquainted
 ' with all my secret Thoughts, that I am
 ' surprized, now that I am advanced in Years,
 ' much less beautiful, as you may behold, you
 ' could resolve on my Ruin; I am persuaded that
 ' you doubt not, but my Inclination is still the
 ' same, and that there is nothing but Violence,
 ' that can procure you what you long for. See
 ' what a ruined Mien I have got, forget the
 ' Beauty you behold in its Decline, and you
 ' will lose the Desire of approaching me.

' If there be any remains of Love in you,
 ' it is impossible but Pity should get the A-
 ' scendant over your Cruelty. It is to Pity, and
 ' to the Virtue, of which you have given me
 ' so many convincing Testimonies, that I ad-
 ' dress myself, and from which I hope to receive
 ' Favour. Disturb not my Repose, and un-
 ' dertake nothing against my Honour; for I am
 ' resolved to preserve it to the last Breath. If
 ' the Love you had for me, has degenerated
 ' into hatred, and that your Design pro-
 ' ceeds

ceeds more from a Principle of Revenge
 than Affection, to render me the most un-
 happy Woman in the World; I declare to
 you, that it shall not be as you imagine, and
 that you will compel me to complain loudly
 of your Baseness, to her who is so much
 prepossessed in your Favour. If you reduce
 me to this Extremity, I would have you
 believe that your Life is not in Safety.

If I must die, reply'd *Amourdo*, one Mo-
 ment will put an End to my Pain. But
 the Deformity of your Visage, which I look
 upon to be your own Contrivance, shall not
 hinder me from doing what I am resolved
 upon. Were you nothing but Skin and
 Bones, I would do the same.

Florinda seeing that her Entreaties, Reasons,
 and Tears were in vain, she called a melan-
 cholly Voice to her Assistance, tho' she dreaded
 it as much as the Loss of Life, and in a piteous
 Tone cried out to her Mother with all her
 Strength. The Countess hearing the Voice,
 came running to *Florinda*. *Amourdo* who was
 not so ready to die as he said, released his
 Prize so quickly, that when the Countess
 opened the Closet, she found him at the Door,
 and *Florinda* at a great Distance from him.
 What is all this, says the Countess to *A-*
mourdo? Tell me the Truth.

Amourdo, who had his Answer prepared,
 and never wanted one in case of Need, with a

pale Countenance full of Concern, said, ' I
 ' did not know *Florinda*, Madam. Never
 ' was Man more surprized than I am. I be-
 ' lieved, as I have told you, that I had some
 ' Share in *Florinda's* good Wishes, but now
 ' I am convinced that I have none. I believe,
 ' Madam, that before her Marriage she was
 ' not less prudent, or less virtuous then at
 ' present; yet at that Time she made no
 ' Scruple of conversing, and being free in Com-
 ' pany. I had a Mind to look at her, but
 ' she would not suffer me.
 ' I looked on this Behaviour as a Dream,
 ' and according to the Custom of the Country,
 ' begged the Liberty of kissing her Hand;
 ' but she absolutely refused it. It is true, Ma-
 ' dam, that I did ill in seizing on her Hand, and
 ' kissing it by Force, for which I ask Par-
 ' don. I requested nothing else of her, yet I see
 ' plainly that she has resolved on my Death;
 ' and it is for that, I believe, she cried out.
 ' Perhaps she imagines that I had some other
 ' Design. Whatever it may be, Madam, I
 ' acknowledge myself in a Fault. And tho'
 ' she ought to have a Regard for all your faith-
 ' ful Servants, my Misfortune will not allow
 ' me to have any Share in her good Wishes.
 ' My Heart, however, shall know no Change
 ' on this Account, either with respect to you, or
 ' her; and I conjure you, Madam, to continue
 ' your

‘ your Esteem for me, since I have lost hers,
‘ without deserving it.’

The Countess believed part of what he had
said, but doubted the other ; and asked her
Daughter why she had cried out so loud ?

Florinda answered; that she was afraid. The
Countess asked her several other Questions, but
could not get any other Answer from her ; for
as she happily escaped her Enemy; she thought
him sufficiently punished by missing his Aim.

The Countess having held him in Discourse for
some Time, she put an End to the Enquiries,
that he might speak to *Florinda* in her Presence.

Thus she expected to see the Countenance he
should appear in to her ; but he took care to
say very little to *Florinda*, and contented him-
self with thanking her, for not having unfolded
his Design to her Mother ; praying her,
‘ That since he was banished from her Heart,
‘ she would suffer no Body else to reap any
‘ Benefit from his Disgrace.

‘ Had I been able to defend myself by any
‘ other Means, reply’d *Florinda*, all this would
‘ have pass’d between ourselves. You would
‘ have paid no dearer for your Attempt; un-
‘ less you had provoked me to do worse.

‘ Fear not that I ever more shall fall in Love ;

‘ for as I have been deceived in judging of a

‘ Heart, which I had believed to be full of
‘ Virtue, I shall never again think, that

‘ there is a Man in the World to be trusted ;

‘ and

and this Incident is sufficient to oblige me
for ever, to banish all the Passions of Love
from my Heart.' In saying of which she
bid him Adieu.

The Mother, who observed them all this
while, could not tell what to say, yet she per-
ceived from that Instant, that her Daughter
had no longer any Regard for *Amourdo*, which
she concluded to be without any Reason; and
that her Aversion was owing to some Whim
or other of her own. The Countess became
so displeased with her Daughter's Conduct,
that for seven Years after, she never spoke to
her with any Pleasure, and all this at the Re-
quest of *Amourdo*.

Fiorinda, who before shunned nothing so
much as her Husband's Company, resolved to
spend the rest of her Days with him, to avoid
the Mortifications of her Mother. But finding
that nothing succeeded to her Desire, she de-
termined to play the cheat with *Amourdo*. For
this Purpose, she for a few Days, feigned her-
self more tractable, and advised him to pay his
Addresses to a Lady whom, as she said, had
some Tenderness for him. This Lady, whose
Name was *Lorenza*, and was always near the
Queen's Person, charmed at the Conquest she
had made, as she imagined, had so little Com-
mand of her Joy, that the Report of this A-
mour spread every where. The Countess
of *Aranda*, who was then at Court, was informed
of

of this Affair, and from that Time forward, treated *Florinda* with more Lenity, than she had done before.

Florinda having Advice that *Lorenza's* Husband, who was an Officer in the Army, had discovered the Intrigue, and was resolved to have his Rival's Life, let the Consequence be what it would; could not help giving immediate Intelligence thereof to *Amourdo*, whom she still loved. This Advance brought *Amourdo* to wait upon her, and assured her, ' That if she would grant him but three Hours ' Conversation with her every Day, he never ' more would speak to *Lorenza*.' But this she refused. ' Since you are not willing then, ' reply'd *Amourdo*, that I should live, why ' would you hinder me from dying, unless ' you desire to make me suffer more than ten ' Thousand Deaths could do? Tho' Death ' should fly from me as much as possible, I ' shall for ever pursue it, till I have met with ' the last Period, and then it is, that I shall be at ' Rest.'

While *Florinda* thus diverted herself with outwitting *Amourdo*, News was brought that the King of *Granda*, had already committed Hostilities on the Frontiers of *Spain*; which obliged the *Spanish* Monarch to send the Prince his Son, with a good Army, to oppose the Enemy. He gave him the Constable of *Castile*, and the Duke of *Alva*, two experienced old

old Generals, for his Counsellors. The Duke of *Cardona*, and the young Count of *Aranda* begged of his Majesty, to give them a Command under the Prince. The King granted them such Commissions as suited their Quality, and desired that they would have *Amourdo* for their Aid de Camp. *Amourdo* performed wonderful Exploits during this War, which seemed to border more on Rashness than Bravery. His Ardour, however, did not abate whilst he breathed. The *Moors* having at last made a Shew, as if they would give Battle to the *Spaniards*; at the first Onset they gave Way, and feigned to fly, in Order to draw the *Spanish* Army after them, in which they succeeded. The old Constable and the Duke of *Alva* mistrusting the Artifice, stopt the Prince of *Spain* much against his Will, who was in a full Career after the Enemy, and hindered from crossing a River, which then lay between. But the Count of *Aranda*, and the Duke of *Cardona* pursued them to the Side, tho' they had Orders to the contrary. The *Moors* finding but a small Body of Men follow them, they returned to the Charge, which proved, notwithstanding the Inequality of Numbers, very obstinate and bloody. The young Duke of *Cardona* was killed with the Stroke of a Scymeter, and the Count of *Aranda* was so dangerously wounded that he was left for dead in the Field.

Amourdo
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Amourdo cut his Way thro' the thickest of the *Moorish* Ranks with so much Fury, that they believed him to be mad. He rescued the Bodies of the Duke and Count, and had them carried to the Prince's Camp, where his Highness lamented their Misfortunes, as much as if they were his own Brothers. On examining their Wounds, they discovered that the Count of *Aranda* was not dead; whereupon he was sent in a Litter to his own Country-Seat, and continued a long while ill before he could be cured. The Corpse of the Duke was carried to *Cardona*. *Amourdo* after having taken the Bodies of these two Noblemen from the Enemy, had so little Care of himself, that he was soon surrounded by the *Moors*. He was very sensible, that if he should fall into the Hands of the King of *Granada*, he should die a most cruel Death, or renounce his Faith. He therefore resolved that the Enemy should not boast of taking him Prisoner, or robbing him of his last Breath. He then kissed the Cross of his Sword, which he had drawn in his Hand, and gave himself so deep a Wound with it, that there was no Need of a second.

Thus died the unfortunate *Amourdo*, as much regretted as his Virtues deserved. Fame soon carried the melancholly Account of this Disaster to *Spain*. *Florinda* was then at *Barcelona*, where her Husband had ordered, by his Will, which he had made some time before, that he

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should be interred. After having caus'd his
 Obsequies to be performed with great Pomp ;
 without taking any Notice of her Design to
 her own Mother, or to her Mother-in-Law,
 she retired to a Nunnery, where she spent the
 Remainder of her Days, in giving God Thanks
 for her Deliverance, from so dangerous a Lo-
 ver as *Amourdo* was ; and the Chagrins of a
 disagreeable Husband.

The Amours of the Duke of MAYNE.

THE Duke of *Mayne*, whose Amours are here related, was the natural Son of *Lewis* the XIV. It is no Wonder then, to see his Heart capable of the most soft and tender Impressions, being the Offspring of a Monarch, who made the Fair Sex his chiefest Delight. Madam *Montespagne*, who was the Duke's Mother, being one Day with the King, told him ; ' Sir, if your Majesty would be
' pleased to match my Sons and Daughters,
' with Princes and Princesses of Blood, I
' should for ever acknowledge the Favour.

' Madam, answered the King, I would
' willingly give you that Satisfaction, but the
' Prince of *Condé*, my Cousin, did not seem
' very well pleased, when I propos'd a Match
' between the Duke of *Mayne*, and Mademoi-
' selle de *Condé* his Grandaughter.

' No Doubt, reply'd *Montespagne*, with a
' haughty Air ; he will rather chuse to bestow
' her on the Prince of *Roche-sur-Yon*. I can
' say nothing to that, says *Lewis*, but if you
' desire it, I will speak to him again about
' the Matter, and endeavour to marry the
' Duke of *Anguien*, his Grandson, to Mademoi-

‘ *selle de Tours* your eldest Daughter. As for
 ‘ *Mademoiselle de Nantes*, her younger Sister,
 ‘ I design her for my Nephew, the Duke of
 ‘ *Chartres*.

‘ Lord! Sire, cried *Madam Montespagne*,
 ‘ your Majesty does not consider what a Noise
 ‘ this will make; for the Duke of *Orleans* will
 ‘ never suffer the Duke of *Chartres* to marry my
 ‘ Daughter. Madam, says *Lewis*, raising his
 ‘ Voice a little, leave that to me.’ I wear not
 ‘ the Crown for nothing; and would not you
 ‘ be surprized, if I should tell you, that the
 ‘ Duke of *Mayne* is already in Love with
 ‘ *Mademoiselle de Chartres*? And that this
 ‘ Princess likes him so far, as to make the
 ‘ World think that she would not be displeased
 ‘ to have him for a Husband?

‘ That would be surprizing indeed, says
 ‘ *Montespagne*. How! could *Mademoiselle*’s
 ‘ high Spirit descend so low as the Duke of
 ‘ *Mayne*? No, I cannot believe it. Besides,
 ‘ the Dutchess of *Orleans* cannot abide him.

‘ Madam, reply’d the King, there have
 ‘ been greater Miracles before now; Love,
 ‘ by a Secret and unknown Power, unites all
 ‘ Things. Sire, says *Montespagne*, I am well
 ‘ pleased with that flattering Fancy, but what
 ‘ shall we do with Count *Verin*? Your Majesty
 ‘ loves him; he is the youngest of my Chil-
 ‘ dren; and, in my Opinion, the most de-
 ‘ serving.

‘ That

‘ That is your Fancy, says *Lewis*, with a smile; the Duke of *Mayne* has a great deal more Fire and Spriteliness than his younger Brother. But, Sire, answers *Montespagne*, Count *Verin*’s pretty little Ways are so wonderfully pleasing and endearing: Yes, says the King, because you are more fond of him, than of all the rest; yet let me tell you, that Matrimony is not fit for him, and therefore, we must consecrate him to the Church.

‘ I will not be against it, says *Madam*, if he likes the Proposal: But he seems to have as great a Passion for the Sex as his Brother, who is a downright little *Vulcan*. *Madam*, says the Monarch with a smile, do you think that because a Man marries the Church, he must therefore renounce Woman? I thought you knew better Things. A black Coat hides a great many Misteries of Love, that would make a strange Noise in the World, without such a Cloak.’

These Words were scarce out of the King’s Mouth, when the Prince of *Condé* came in; and having entertained the King according to his Desire, for some Time, *Madam de Montespagne* took an Opportunity to expostulate with him, for the Contempt he had for her Son. Never was Prince more surprized than *Condé*, at the Lady’s Discourse; however, he thought it prudent to dissemble his Uneasiness, and reply’d ‘ I am so far, *Madam*, from having
‘ any

' any such Thoughts, that I could wish the
 ' the Duke of *Anguien* had Merit enough
 ' to deserve one of your Daughters; who, in
 ' my Opinion are perfect Beauties.' To this,
Montespagne made no Answer, but looked on
 the King, who smiling, added, ' I shall make
 ' it my Business, to keep the Royal Family
 ' quiet.' Thus the Conversation ended, and
 ' the Company retired.

Whilst some were industrious in speaking
 in Favour of the Duke of *Mayne*, he was busy
 in improving all Opportunities, to give Proofs
 of his Passion to *Mademoiselle de Chartres*;
 who was inclined to receive him kindly, when
 she could do it, without any Danger of being
 discovered.

One Day, the Duke had the good Fortune to
 find her alone in her Closet; and as he enter-
 tained her with a tender History of his Love;
 ' Prince, says the young Lady, with a lan-
 ' guishing Air, what would you have me do
 ' for you? What would I have you do for
 ' me? answered *Mayne*, with a passionate
 ' Eagerness? I would have you love, illustrious
 ' Princess, if I can ever be so happy as to
 ' please you?

' Alas! how unkind and cruel you are, says
 ' she blushing; why would you not tell me,
 ' that you had a Design upon my Heart?
 The Prince perceiving her speak with so much
 Sweetness and good Nature, cast himself at
 her

her Feet, and transported with Love, told her, ' Divine Creature, could my Fate be ever so ' fortunate as to———' here he stopped, being interrupted by *Mauritia*, one of the Princess's Maids. But she being a Person of an easy Temper, and one that Mademoiselle entrusted with all her Secrets; the Duke pursued his passionate Conversation.

- The same Day, the Duke of *Orleans* gave a splendid Ball in the Palace Royal, where the Duke of *Mayne* appeared in a very agreeable Disguise, that he might the better entertain *de Chartres* with all the endearing Expressions, that his Love could inspire him with. Notwithstanding, he was taken Notice of by the Duke of *Orleans*, who told the King of it; but *Lewis* made as if he did not hear him.

The Ball being over, the Duke of *Mayne* withdrew to his Apartment, more deeply in Love than ever, and abandoned himself to all the Torments and Pleasures of his growing Passion. His Mind was still floating, and tossed between Hope and Despair, and distracted by these two violent Passions. He consulted within himself, what Course he had best take, to compass his fond Design of marrying *de Chartres*, in which he met with many Obstacles and Difficulties. He often consulted with Madam *Montespagne*, his Mother; who assured him, that she had frequently spoke to the King about it: Adding, with sorrow,
' That

‘ That her Influence on that Monarch, was not
 ‘ so prevailing as it was wont to be.

‘ Nothing, dear Son, says she with a Sigh,
 ‘ nothing is constant in this World; and the
 ‘ kindest Prince that is, cannot always love
 ‘ the same Object: But, Madam, answered the
 ‘ young Prince, Constancy ought to be inse-
 ‘ perable from a great Mind, since there can be
 ‘ no true Felicity without it. That is true, my
 ‘ Son, reply’d *Montespagne*; but Kings have
 ‘ their real Failings, as well as other Mortals;
 ‘ and our Monarch, tho’ in all other Respects
 ‘ accomplished, has that common Frailty of
 ‘ being changeable in Love. He is infinitely
 ‘ pleased with Variety, of which Madam *la*
 ‘ *Valiere* made me but too sensible, before she
 ‘ turned Nun.

‘ Besides, I am afraid my Enemies whif-
 ‘ per in the Kings Ears, what some Court-
 ‘ Flatters told formerly to one of the *Persian*
 ‘ Kings, who was constant to one of his Mis-
 ‘ tresses, merely on the score of Decency;
 ‘ that it was below his Grandeur to mind, whe-
 ‘ ther what he did with Regard to the Fair
 ‘ Sex, was just or not, since his Pleasure ought
 ‘ to be the only Rule and standard of Decency
 ‘ and Justice.

‘ This, Madam, reply’d the Duke, is the
 ‘ common Way of pleasing Princes. Every
 ‘ thing must yield to their Desire: Surrounded
 ‘ as they are with a croud of Flatterers, they
 ‘ can

‘ never know themselves: Their Failings are
‘ artfully painted and coloured, their Actions
‘ heightened and advanced, by false Lights
‘ and Glitterings, and their smaller Virtues
‘ canonized. I know a World of pernicious
‘ Courtiers, who never approach the Throne,
‘ but they poison it with their intoxicating
‘ Tongues; which too often prove fatal to the
‘ Minds of Monarchs.

‘ Flattery, says *Montespagne*, does not stop at
‘ the Throne, but diffuses and spreads itself
‘ thro’ all the Grandees of the Court. You
‘ know the Dutchess of ——— She has daily
‘ a croud of Admirers at her Feet, who do
‘ nothing but play the Fool with her, and
‘ persuade her that she may contend for
‘ Beauty with the Angels. That her Merit
‘ is infinite, and capable of bewitching the
‘ whole World. With such like Chimeras
‘ and Fancies they fill her Thoughts; but let
‘ the good Lady have as many Admirers as
‘ she thinks proper, all their fine Speeches and
‘ flattering Nonsense, will never screen her
‘ Homeliness and vulgar Carriage.’

As the Duke was going to say some pleasing
Thing or other, upon the Picture his Mother had
drawn for the Dutchess; he was interrupted
by the Abbot *Morcau*, who came to visit
Madam *Montespagne*; and to give her an Ac-
count of a Commission she had given him, that

did not much become the Gravity of his Character.

The Duke of *Mayne* taking this Opportunity to leave his Mother, went to the Wood of *Boulogne*, to entertain his enamoured Fancy, with the Charms and Graces of his Mistress. He placed himself on a little rising Ground, which he had found very conveniently, and resolved on all that a lofty Mind could think on, to carry on the Scheme of this Design. Soon after he went into the thickest Part of the Wood, the better to conceal himself, while he wrote the following Letter, which he afterwards sent to *de Chartres*.

‘ I find at last, incomparable Princess, that
 ‘ of all the Torments in Nature, none is so
 ‘ quick and violent as that of Love. It is a
 ‘ Pain, that gnaws and preys on our very
 ‘ Souls. If you have no Tenderneſs for
 ‘ my Condition, I muſt ſoon expire at your
 ‘ Feet. My Sufferings are not to be expreſt.
 ‘ Great Beauties, like yourſelf, do but laugh
 ‘ at the Pains, which they themſelves have
 ‘ cauſed: But as this is a moſt inhuman and un-
 ‘ natural Cruelty; ſo you muſt have a care,
 ‘ moſt lovely Princess, not to provoke the
 ‘ Sovereign of all Hearts, who never fails
 ‘ puniſhing thoſe that are inſenſible. I know
 ‘ you ſtick at ſome Conſiderations, but alas!
 ‘ Love excludes Conſideration, as Conſidera-
 ‘ tion does Love. You are not unacquainted
 ‘ with

‘ with this Philosophy, since there never was
‘ a more discerning Princess than yourself.’

Mademoiselle *de Chartres*, upon reading this Letter, could not help laughing at the cunning insinuating Way of the Duke, to engage her to Love. ‘ He gives himself a needless
‘ Trouble, cry’d she to herself with a Sigh,
‘ to persuade me to love him : Alas ! I find
‘ I love him too much already ; but I am a-
‘ fraid my Inclinations are to be contradicted,
‘ and that I am destined for some greater Per-
‘ son, than the Duke of *Mayne*.’

The Dutcheß of *Orleans*, her Mother, having over-heard her pronounce that Name, came on a sudden into Mademoiselle’s Chamber, and said, ‘ Princess, what is the Meaning of all
‘ this ? I perceive the Duke of *Mayne* has
‘ made a strong Impression on your Heart ;
‘ which ought to be the Price of something
‘ above the Son of an *unfaithful* Woman.
‘ In other Countries, they look upon such
‘ Persons with the utmost Contempt, and had
‘ rather match with a private Gentleman, than
‘ with a Prince basely born.’

Mademoiselle *de Chartres* made no Answer, but fetched some sighs, which convinced the Dutcheß, that she had a great Tenderness for the Duke of *Mayne*. ‘ It is plain then, says
‘ the Mother, with an Air of Severity, that
‘ you love him ; but who is it that has raised
‘ this injurious Passion in your Breast ? And

' how can a Princess like yourself, thus mean-
 ' ly stint her Desires, when she can have her
 ' Choice of many illustrious Princes. In
 ' short, assure yourself I never will consent to
 ' such Baseness;' and with that walked off,
 leaving her Daughter in the deepest Con-
 cern, for the Contempt she expressed for her
 Lover.

In this perplexed Condition was the Princess,
 when *Mauritia* came in, to whom she un-
 bosomed all her Sorrows. This Servant, tho'
 of an easy Temper, had notwithstanding, a
 deal of Judgment and Discretion; and was not
 wanting in giving good Advice on this Occa-
 sion. The Princess having heard her with
 great Attention, said, ' My dear *Mauritia*,
 if you knew what strange Motions I have to
 struggle with, you would pity me.

' Madam, reply'd the Maid, how is it
 ' possible, that a Person who has so much
 ' Strength of Mind, as your Royal High-
 ' ness, should be thus hurried and transported
 ' by her Passions? Resist but their first Impre-
 ' sions, and you may be sure of the Victory.
 ' You do not speak as if you felt what
 ' you complain of? Dearest *Mauritia*, says
 ' Mademoiselle, with gay a Air, perhaps you
 ' never loved in your Life; or if you did, it
 ' was so faintly, that you scarce can distinguish
 ' betwixt Indifference and Love.

' I con-

‘ I confess, Madam, answered *Mauritia*,
‘ that when a Woman loves in good Earnest,
‘ it is a hard Matter for her to command her-
‘ self. However, we must be ruled by Rea-
‘ son; and your Highness is sensible that the
‘ Duke of *Orleans*, your Father, will never
‘ suffer you to marry the Duke of *Mayne*,
‘ were he the most accomplished Prince in the
‘ World.

‘ Barbarous Duty! cry’d *de Chartres*, cruel
‘ Reason! you do but rack and torture a
‘ Heart that calls for your Assistance. Why,
‘ can’t we live like these innocent Creatures
‘ (looking at her *Nightingales*) who follow
‘ the Dictates of Nature, without vexatious
‘ Fears?’

The Princess left her Confident, and went to
take a solitary Walk in the Garden. The Duke
of *Mayne*, who burnt with Impatience, to
know the Effects of his Letter, being informed
where she was gone to, followed her directly.
Mademoiselle was a little surprized at the Sight
of him, and changing Colour, said ‘ Duke,
‘ you come in very good Time, to divert me
‘ from a Thought, which was like to carry me
‘ very far?

‘ May a Man be so bold, reply’d the Prince,
‘ as to ask you the Subject of that Thought,
‘ which undoubtedly must be a pleasing one?
‘ *Mayne*, says she, with some Concern and
‘ Disorder, you had the greatest Share in it.

‘ Is

Is it possible, Madam, cries the Duke in an extasy and Transport of Love; is it possible, divine Creature, that my good Fortune can be so great? Perhaps, says Mademoiselle with a Smile, you did not expect to hear News, that flatters all Hearts; you Men love to please. — No Doubt, Madam, answered *Mayne*, especially so illustrious a Princess, who is the Admiration of the Universe, and the Delight of the Court?

Use no Raillery with your Friends, reply'd *de Chartres*; and with that she gave him her Hand, which the Duke pressed to his Lips for a Quarter of an Hour, without speaking one Word. What means this Silence, says the Princess to him smiling? Has some secret Charm robbed you of your Speech?

Yes, Princess, says *Mayne*, I am no longer myself; my Fortune is so great and uncommon, that I cannot but be amazed at it. Your good Fortune is not yet complete, says Mademoiselle, with a Shew of Sorrow. If I was at my own Disposal, I would soon resolve on the Choice I should make; but you know I depend upon the tyrannizing Authority of a Father?

Alas! Madam, says the Duke, why did not you leave me in my pleasing Error? And why would you acquaint me with my
Mis-

‘ Misfortune? My Heart already flattered me
‘ with the Hopes, that you only depended on
‘ yourself; and that, one Day, I was to be
‘ the happiest Man alive? He scarce had utter-
‘ ed these Words, when he fell at the Lady’s
‘ Feet; and she had a hard Task to recover
‘ him out of his Surprize.

‘ Mademoiselle perceiving, at last, that he
‘ began to come to himself, said, Prince, you
‘ look pale and faint; you want Courage
‘ where there is most Occasion: Are Words
‘ able to shake your Constancy thus? It is with
‘ a bleeding Heart that I tell you this News;
‘ no less fatal to your Quiet than my own.
‘ But assure yourself, that what I now do, or
‘ shall hereafter be obliged to do, will be al-
‘ ways against my Inclination.’

All this while, the Duke of *Mayne*, was as
silent as if he had been Speechless; but seeing
the Duke of *Orleans* coming towards them;
whom he knew would not be well pleased to find
him with his Daughter, in so retired a Place,
he withdrew. *Orleans*, who was both suspi-
tious and distrustful, got upon a rising Ground,
to see if he could discover any Body going down
from the Castle; and having seen the Duke of
Mayne drive away in his Coach, he concluded
that he had been with his Daughter, for which
he reproached her bitterly; to which she made
no Answer, but shewed a great deal of Dis-
cretion and Modesty. Afterwards, leaving his
Royal

Royal Highness to his own Thoughts, she retired to her Closet, to reflect on her melancholly Condition.

The Duke of *Orleans*, who was jealous, even to Distraction, in whatever regarded him; finding his Daughter had withdrawn from his Presence, flew into such a Rage as cannot be expressed. He enquired of his Attendants where she was gone to? And being informed, he followed her; and affecting a composed Countenance, told her, 'It is against my Will, Daughter, that you entertain the Duke of *Mayne*; your Mother is extremely displeased with it: You must expect to find her Resentment break out before it be long. How can you love a Person, who, upon many Accounts, can bring nothing but Dishonour to the Royal Family?

'Alas! Sir, says Mademoiselle, I perceive a Thousand violent Thoughts in your Mind to ruin me. And I, says *Orleans*, see you will never be satisfied, till you are in the Arms of the Duke of *Mayne*; but you will soon repent it. I hope I do nothing that can be a Reproach to me, replies *de Chartres*; if I have a small Esteem for that Prince, I think he deserves it; and your Highness cannot blame me for it. It is true, I have just now been with him in the Arbour; but it was innocently done on my Part, for I never thought he would have come to me there.

'We

‘ We always seek the Company of those
‘ that love us, says the Duke of *Orleans*,
‘ with a disdainful Air; and if the Duke of
‘ *Mayne* was not sure of the Conquest of
‘ your Heart, he would not be so eager to
‘ find you out.’

The young Princess easily perceived what her Father meant by this Discourse; and being endowed with a surprizing ready Wit, and wonderful Address, asked him, where those malicious Tongues were; that had informed his Highness of her Love for the Duke of *Mayne*, so far as to make him run after her? My own Eyes have told me so, I want no other Witnesses: He said no more, but retired.

Alas! poor Duke, I find I must lose you, says the Princess, when she found herself alone: I must lose you, Dear Prince, and with you I must lose my Repose for ever! Here, her Sights and Tears stopped her Voice; and *Mauritia*, who by this Time was come in, immediately discovered, by her Paleness and down-cast Look, the Anguish and Trouble of her Mind. The Confident being moved with Pity, at the unusual Concern of her Royal Mistress, said, ‘ Lord, Madam, in what a
‘ deplorable Condition do I find your High-
‘ ness! You love, and that is enough to make
‘ you miserable.’

VOL. I. Y That

' That is the Cause of my Despair, my
 ' dear *Mauritia*; all the World will talk of
 ' my Weaknesses, my Heart is grown rebel-
 ' lious and unruly, and consults nothing but
 ' its Inclinations. It never was in my Power
 ' to act otherwise than I have done; therefore
 ' I conjure you to pity my Misfortunes, and
 ' consider my cruel Fate, which makes me
 ' lead a piteous languishing Life, and I
 ' fear, will quickly hurry me to my Grave;
 ' however, I desire that you would retire,
 ' and give me an Opportunity of indulging a
 ' melancholly Thought.'

Mauritia being gone, the Princess fell into
 an amorous Lethargy, and gratified all those
 Griefs and Uneasinesses, that can be conceived
 by none, but those who have lost the Objects
 of their Love. The Duke of *Chartres* her
 Brother, endeavoured to alleviate her Pain, by
 a Thousand little Stories; which he told her,
 of several Court Ladies that employed all their
 Industry in getting Admirers. ' It signifies
 ' but little, however, says he, to conquer us,
 ' the Difficulty is to keep us when conquered;
 ' most Women fancy, that because they have
 ' charmed a Man at first, he is presently their
 ' Slave for ever: But truly they are mistaken;
 ' we do not sell our Liberty at so cheap a
 ' Rate.

' No Doubt, Brother says she, you are
 ' one of those uncertain Conquests. I cannot
 ' tell,

‘ tell, dear Sister, reply’d the Duke with a
‘ smile ; the Duke of *Mayne*, however, is
‘ more eagerly assaulted than I. Five or Six
‘ of our first-rate Beauties have, this Morn-
‘ ing, laid Siege to his Heart, with a power
‘ of amorous Glances, and passionate Ogles,
‘ which are like soon to carry it upon easy
‘ Terms.

‘ The Duke of *Mayne*’s Heart besieged !
‘ says Mademoiselle, with an uneasy Concern ?
‘ And what must the poor Prince do, to get
‘ out of such Danger ? He must, replies
‘ the Duke of *Chartres*, send for all the Ar-
‘ tillery we have in *Flanders*, to his Relief ;
‘ or else he is in great Danger of losing his
‘ Heart.

‘ That’s an impregnable Fortrefs, Brother,
‘ answered the Princess ; the Duke of *Mayne*,
‘ has hitherto bid Defiance to all the most
‘ conquering and victorious Ladies, and will
‘ he now surrender without Resistance ? No,
‘ I cannot believe it ; for I know something
‘ that persuades me to the contrary. It is
‘ true, says the Brother, with a sarcastick sneer,
‘ that when a Man’s Heart is once possessed by
‘ a strong Inclination, it is a hard Matter to
‘ make any Impression upon it. He loves
‘ you, Sister, how could he then feel the Darts
‘ of others ?

‘ The Duke of *Mayne*, says Mademoiselle
‘ *de Chartres*, is not so deeply in Love with me,

as you are with his Sister ; every Body takes Notice of the Passion you have for her : They say you love, nay adore her even to Madness. That is a little too much ; I am not so far gone, reply'd the Duke. It is true, continued he, *Mademoiselle de Nantes* is an adorable Creature ; for besides that she is a perfect Beauty, she has a Thousand charming, agreeable, and endearing Qualities. She is Mistress of a great deal of Wit and good Nature ; a Thing rarely met with in your Sex, which generally is made up of nothing but Malice.

These Compliments, Brother, says she, are not very engaging. However, I must tell you, that you have a Rival no ways inferior to yourself, in any thing that can please a beautiful and nice Lady. And who is this dreadful Rival, says the Duke of *Chartres* ; cannot one be acquainted with his Name ? It is the Prince of *Roche-sur-Yon*, says she, who has a great Passion for her. For *Mademoiselle de Tours*, the eldest Sister, you mean, says the Duke, with an Air of Contempt, for I am sure the younger Sister will never love him.

Who can answer for her Heart, answered the Sister smiling ? A Lady's Faith is a small Assurance, when exposed to a Thousand Temptations : She may, indeed, swear an Esteem for her Lover ; but such Oaths are easily

‘ easily taken, and as easily broken. How
 ‘ can any Body build upon a Passion, which
 ‘ dies the Day after its Birth, without so much
 ‘ as knowing the Principle of its Rise, or the
 ‘ Cause of its Fall. *Aristes* and *Eugenius*,
 ‘ two great Philosophers, discoursing one Day
 ‘ about the Original of that Passion, gave the
 ‘ Definition of it in few Words.

‘ *Aristes* told *Eugenius*, that Love was an
 ‘ agreeable Conformity that united our Hearts,
 ‘ and a secret Sympathy from whence arose one
 ‘ of those *je ne Sçai Quois*, not to be expressed
 ‘ by Words. Certainly Sister, reply’d the
 ‘ Duke of *Chartres*, it is a very difficult
 ‘ Matter to know the secret Tie, that links us to
 ‘ the Person beloved. Our Love Represents her
 ‘ more beautiful than the Seraphims, and with-
 ‘ out any Fault with Regard to us; who would
 ‘ be very sorry, were she to be otherwise.’

As Mademoiselle and her Brother, were
 pursuing this agreeable Conversation, they
 were interrupted by the Dutchess of *Orleans*,
 their Mother, who told her Daughter, ‘ that
 ‘ she desired her Company to visit the Princess
 ‘ of *Conti*. The young Princess readily com-
 ‘ plied, and spent that Evening in her Mother’s
 ‘ disagreeable Company. The next Day was
 ‘ employed in a Hunting-match; where the
 ‘ Prince of *Conti* declared the Marriage of the
 ‘ Prince of *Roche-sur-Yon*, with Mademoiselle
 ‘ de *Tours* one of *Montespagne*’s Daughters, to
 ‘ the

the Dutchess of *Orleans*, who was provoked to hear it.

What's the Meaning of this new Match, says the Dutchess to that Prince? The King, Madam, says he smiling, takes Care of his Children. It seems he does, answered Madam; but methinks his Majesty might very well spare marrying Princes of the Blood, with such sort of Persons. Have we not Marquisses, Barons, and Gentlemen enough in *France*, to bestow them upon, without—— Madam, reply'd the Prince, you will soon see, if the King lives, something stranger than all this. He first began with me, when he gave me the first Fruits of his Amours: Mademoiselle de *Vermandois*, whom I have married, tells me that often enough.

Prince, says the Dutchess, I make a great deal of Difference betwixt the Children of Madam *la Valiere*, and those of Madam *Montespagne*. We cannot with Justice blame the first; she was a single Person, that never loved any Man before the King; whereas the other is a perjured one; and has left her Husband for a Prince, who begins to be weary of her. I foretold this just Judgment of Heaven; but she was then such a great Coquet, that I could get no other Answer from her, but that we were born for ourselves, to enjoy the Pleasures of Life.

A very

‘ A very worldly and sensual Answer, says
‘ the Prince of *Conti*; and which has but
‘ little of the Piety, which that Lady begins
‘ at present to profess. Truly, Prince, reply’d
‘ the Dutches, she has a great deal to Ac-
‘ count for, if Adulteries are criminal. Pshaw,
‘ Madam, returned *Conti*, Father *Anet*, her
‘ Confessor has a Secret to absolve all Sins,
‘ and turn them into venial ones. Pray,
‘ what is that you call a venial Sin, says Ma-
‘ dam, interrupting him? You must know,
‘ since you desire it, that our Reverend Fa-
‘ thers the *Jesuits* makes several Classes of
‘ Sins; some are Moral, others Philosophi-
‘ cal, and others Theological.’ Here the rest
of the Company coming up to join them,
put a stop to their Conversation: However,
the Dutches of *Orleans* was quite out of
Temper, at the Sight of the Duke of *Mayne*,
who ran with all Speed after these illustrious
Hunters.

As soon as the Duke had saluted Mademoi-
selle *de Chartres*, he approached her Mother,
who gave him a very cold Reception. He
was accustomed to such Crosses of Fortune,
which made him be very little concerned at
this. Besides, some of Mademoiselle’s Smiles,
which he now and then stole, made him
sufficient Amends for her Mother’s Frowns,
and to look chearful and gay.

As

As they were riding along, Mademoiselle de Chartres desired him to hold a little Cane she had in her Hand: This Cane, besides a Knot of Coronation Ribbands, and several Diamonds; had a large Emerald, with her own Picture, which he had made her a Present of. His Highness bestowed a Thousand Kisses on it, unperceived by any, but Mademoiselle de Chartres, who asked him, as she alighted from her Horse, ‘ Who it was he
‘ thought on, when he so lovingly saluted the
‘ Image he had in his Hands, about an Hour
‘ before? ’

‘ Who could I think upon, Madam, but
‘ your dear Self, most lovely Princess, an-
‘ swered the Duke; since it is your Image,
‘ I love and adore it more than all the Saints
‘ in Paradise; who perhaps have not so much
‘ Power over me as your Highness has. How
‘ can that be, reply’d the Princess? You
‘ know I cure no Disorders, but rather cause
‘ Sufferings, if I may believe you. I confess,
‘ Mademoiselle, says the Duke, with an Air
‘ that made her laugh heartily, your High-
‘ ness is more apt to make a wretched mortal
‘ languish, than — here he stopped; and
‘ the Princess seeing that her Mother began
‘ to take Notice of them, took his Silence
‘ for a sure Sign of his Love and Respect.’

The Company being separated, and retired to their respective Hotels, the Duke of *Mayne* began

began to reflect on his ill Fortune, with Regard to the Contempt with which the Duke and Dutchess of *Orleans* looked upon him. At last, he resolv'd to speak to the King about it; and his Majesty told him that he never was like to obtain what he aimed at. That the Duke of *Orleans*, designed his Daughter for a Monarch; that he had already spoke to him in his Favour, but could not prevail.

But, Sire, reply'd the Duke of *Mayne*, I dare flatter myself, that the Princess does not hate me. I am apt to believe it, says *Lewis*; but it is not enough to have her Consent; you must have her Father and Mother's Good-Will also, if you expect to be happy. But, Duke, added his Majesty, be ruled by me; since you have a Mind to marry, disengage yourself from *Mademoiselle de Chartres*, and bend your Thoughts on *Mademoiselle de Bourbon*, who is a lovely and deserving Princess. For tho' the Prince of *Condé* her Grandfather, should not be very well pleased with the Match, I am sure the Duke of *Anguien*, her Father, will not be against it.

Sire, reply'd *Mayne*, methinks I could like *Mademoiselle de Condé*, the eldest Sister, a great deal better. Marriages are not governed by Choice; and do you not see that she is designed for the Prince of *Roche-*

‘ *sur-Ton*, says the King? But, Sire, reply’d
 ‘ the Duke, cannot one serve that Prince’s
 ‘ Turn? They say he has a Design on Ma-
 ‘ demoiselle *de Tours*, my Sister.

‘ Yes, says *Lewis*, but I believe the other
 ‘ will carry it, and that Mademoiselle *de Tours*,
 ‘ your Sister, will marry the Duke of *Bour-*
 ‘ *bon*.

All the Reasons the King could alledge,
 were not able to divert the Duke’s Thoughts
 from Mademoiselle *de Condé*, in whom he
 found a Thousand pleasing Accomplishments.
 As soon as he had left his Majesty, he went
 to pay her a Visit, overwhelmed with a deep
 Melancholly, for being in a Manner forced to
 discontinue his Amours with Mademoiselle *de*
Chartres, whom he so much esteemed and ad-
 mired.

After he had been some Time in this lan-
 guishing Condition, the old Duke of *Condé*
 died, which freed him from a potent Enemy ;
 because his Highness had always an implacable
 Hatred, for all the Children of Madam *Mon-*
tespaigne. The Duke of *Mayne*’s mortal Ene-
 my being thus removed ; and himself pretty
 well recovered of the amorous Torments
 he had felt for Mademoiselle *de Chartres* ; he
 constantly paid his Address, for a considerable
 Time, to Mademoiselle *de Condé* : But when
 this Charmer of a Princess, began to be en-
 amoured with the Duke’s bright Parts, she was
 snatched

snatched as it were from his Arms, to be given to the Prince of *Roche-sur-Yon*.

The Duke was mad at the Disappointment; he raves, weeps, tares his Hair, becomes weary of his Life, and vows to Revenge the wrong done him, in his Rival's Blood. The Dauphin hearing of it, acquaints the King with his crazy Designs, who immediately ordered the Duke of *Mayne* to be put under Arrest, till his mad Fit was over. While he was confined, he could not enjoy a Minute's Rest, till he had disclosed his Passion to his Mistress; and acquainted her with his Misfortunes, in his Absence from her, in the following Letter.

‘ Princess, I have all along had a Thousand
 ‘ secret Surmises, that I never should be so
 ‘ happy as to enjoy you: I now find my
 ‘ Fears were too true, and that you are destined
 ‘ for another, who does not deserve you so well
 ‘ as myself, if Love can claim the first Title.
 ‘ I am jealous, even to Madness; and this
 ‘ Proof of my Love is inseparable from great
 ‘ Passions. Alas! I am still fond of my own
 ‘ Error, which flatters me that you will still
 ‘ be the same.

‘ What would not I have done, had I but the
 ‘ Liberty of loving you for ever? All the
 ‘ World seemed combined to inform me of
 ‘ my Misfortunes; but I fear that I need no
 ‘ Informations, to be convinced that you have
 ‘ perhaps forgotten me, and that you are just

'ready to sacrifice me to the most cruel of
 'all my Enemies, who never will take any
 'Pains to deserve your Heart.
 'This is the only Comfort I have left;
 'And I do assure you, most dear Princess,
 'that if you can return some Esteem for the
 'most sincere and passionate Lover that ever
 'has been, I shall never cease loving, with a
 'Passion equal to your Merit: How long
 'my Flame must burn, I leave yourself to
 'judge.'

DE MAYNE.

Mademoiselle de Condé having received this
 Letter, was impatient till she sent the following
 Answer.

'Prince, you express your Sentiments to
 'me in so moving a Manner, that I find it
 'impossible not to love. Who knows tho',
 'but you may tell the same tender Story to a
 'great many others: This you are to take
 'Care of, for I never can be reconciled to a
 'divided Heart; it must be all mine, if I
 'declare for it. If that which is now de-
 'signed for me, has still an Inclination for the
 'blew-eyed Marchioness, I swear I will — You
 'may guess at my Meaning; and at what a
 'Woman I can do, to Revenge herself on a
 'Husband, who allows her but a Share in his
 'Heart.

' I must

‘ I must needs confess, dear Duke, that I
‘ am married against my Inclinations. The
‘ Prince of *Roche-sur-Yon* would have done
‘ better, if he had not engaged in this
‘ Match ; but since the Court will have it so,
‘ I must at least, seem pleas’d with it. Adieu
‘ Prince ; you know what I have in Store
‘ for you.’

HENRIETTA DE CONDE’.

The Duke of *Mayne* read this Letter over
and over, with repeated Raptures, and felt an
inexpressible Joy, from the Hopes his Mi-
stress gave him of loving him for ever, which
were confirmed by the little Regard she had for
the Prince of *Roche-sur-Yon*, her Husband.
‘ She will never love him, says the Duke to
‘ himself ; and I shall be Master of her Heart,
‘ if no other Inclination robs me of it. Wo-
‘ men are inconstant, and pleas’d with Variety.
‘ But what do I say ! My Princess may be
‘ true ; at least, I will believe her so, since I
‘ cannot live easy without that pleasing, tho’
‘ deceitful Fancy.

The Duke of *Mayne* was thus diverting his
amorous Thoughts, when News was brought
him, that the King had order’d him to be
released from his Confinement, which was in
one of his Friends Houses. This Friend was
married to a Lady, for whom the Duke had
some

some good Wishes. We beg Leave to disguise her Name under that of the Countess *Philis*. She was not beautiful, but the Charms of her Wit and Conversation, supplied the Defects of her Person.

When the Duke received the News of being restored to his Liberty, he made Answer, ' That he would not stir out, till he had a Mind to it himself, since he had been confined against his Will, about an Affair that would have ended without any Noise.' The Duke of *Marillac*, who was charged on this Occasion with the King's Orders, returned this Answer to his Majesty; who was pleased to leave the Duke to do as he thought fit.

The Countess *Philis*, whom this Prince had amused with his Passion, began to be desperately in Love with him, and granted him the last Favour, before he went to command in *Flanders*, under the Duke of *Luxembourg*; and that in so engaging a Manner, that the Duke has since confessed, he never so entirely loved a Woman without Beauty. The bewitching Moments he spent in her Company, made him forget all his past Misfortunes, and every other Care, except what Mademoiselle *de Condé* gave him, whose Image was always stamp'd in his Mind.

One Day, as he was at *Chantilli*; a Country-Seat that belonged to Madam *Montespagne*, his Mother; musing on the Charms of that Princess,

Princess, he received a Letter carefully sealed up, which came from the Countess, and contained as follows.

‘ When I first began to love my Dearest,
‘ I thought my Passion was capable of no Addition ; but now I see it flow to a stupendous
‘ and extravagant Degree. I know but one
‘ Thing that can make me happy ; and that
‘ is, my lovely Prince, that you love me with
‘ a Passion equal to that which I have for you.
‘ But how can I flatter myself with those pleasing
‘ Thoughts, who have nothing to intitle
‘ me to the Possession of a Heart of so much
‘ Worth as yours is ? However, I doubt not
‘ but you have some Tendernefs for me, since
‘ you still wear the Scarf I made with my
‘ own Hands for you.

‘ My Heart too has had a Share in it ; that
‘ Heart that made me contrive all that I did
‘ for your Sake, when the God of Love
‘ wounded us both, with so sweet, so pleasing
‘ a Dart. Oh ! what Charms ! What Raptures ! I cannot forget those happy Moments,
‘ which I cannot express unless I see you.
‘ Hasten then, my Dear ; hasten to renew them
‘ before you go to the Army, where my fond
‘ Heart will attend you as a Volunteer. I
‘ expect with Patience to see you this Night,
‘ at the Bottom of the Terrase. Do not make
‘ me languish for what cost you so little.’

The

The Duke of *Mayne* being in Company, when he received this Letter, could not help laughing at the last Words of the Countess's Letter, which were a Mystery to every Body but himself, and the Countess that wrote them. He admired the Witty Turns of the Lady, and the tender Expressions of her Love for him; and did not fail to meet her at the appointed Hour.

The fine Moon-shine invited the impatient *Philis* to mount on a rising Ground, and eagerly look for the coming of her dear Duke, who soon after, agreeably surprized her, and assured her ' That he was so possessed with
' the Passion she had raised in him, that if he
' had not seen her that Night, he must have
' certainly expired.

' Then you love me much, says the Countess, embracing him. Now indeed, am I
' the most fortunate Woman living. Let us
' make the most of your Presence, and my
' Husband's Absence.' The Duke regaled *Philis* with his agreeable Conversation, and all the pleasing Things that Cupid could inspire him with; and took his Leave, as all fortunate Lovers do; that is, in a seeming Hurry, and as they say at *Paris, a la Mazarine*.

Some Weeks after, the Duke being in *Flanders*, he received the News of Mademoiselle de *Condé's* Marriage. This threw him into a deep Melancholly, and none of his Friends
could

could guess at the Cause thereof. Soon after he was seized with a Tertian Ague, which he was wont to call an amorous one. His Physicians finding that all their Skill was lost upon him, advised him to apply himself to some beautiful Fair-one for a Cure.

This Prescription being known to no Body but the Duke, he not only kept the Secret, but made the best use of it during the Campaign; and rewarded the Physician well for his Remedy, which had restored him to perfect Health. The galenical Wench, who was in Boys Cloaths, having done wonderful Services to the Love-sick Duke, returned to the Doctor, who was her lawful Master: And, as I have been told, he has since performed wonderful Cures with this *Recipé*.

The Campaign was no sooner over, than the Duke of *Mayne* returned to *Paris*, with the rest of the Generals; and such as were in Winter Quarters, diverted themselves with the Ladies, according to Custom. The Duke renewed his Visits to Mademoiselle *de Condé*, to whom we must now give the Title of Princess of *Roche-sur-Yon*; who always received him very kindly. It was in these Visits that he fell in Love with Mademoiselle *de Bourbon*, her Sister. All the Thoughts of the Court were presently fixed on this Match; but whether the Duke had a Mind to shew his Resentment, for having been refused before; or

whether he was still fond of a single Life, and averſe to ſo ſolemn an Engagement, is not known ; yet he took Care to put his Marriage off till another Time.

In this Interim, he fell in Love with a certain Marchionefs, who was the greateſt Toaſt at Court, being exceedingly beautiful, and of a ſpritely Wit. The chiefſt Obſtacle that lay in the Duk's Way, was to find Access to her, thro' a croud of Admirers that, Night and Day, laid cloſe Siege to that Lady. The Duke, however, flattered himſelf with ſome Hopes, as all young Lovers are apt to do, particularly on Account of his Birth, his good Mien, Wit, and all that can dazzle the Eyes of a young Lady, that loves to be courted.

The firſt Time he ſaw the Marchionefs, whoſe Name we muſt ſuppoſe to be *Cliodora*, was at a Viſit. That charming Idol was employ'd in picking and ſtringing Pearls for Bracelets, when the Duke came into the Room where ſhe was. He approached her with a reſpectful Look, and ſtood ſome Time gazing at her, not daring to ſpeak ; but growing a little more free, he kneeled before her, and addreſſed himſelf to her in the following Manner.

‘ Madam, your unparallel’d Charms ſtrike
 ‘ the boldeſt Men dumb. I myſelf, the firſt
 ‘ Moment I beheld you, could not reſiſt their
 ‘ ſurprizing Force. I have commenced your
 ‘ Adorer.

- Adorer. My Passion is violent ; and if
- you can be so cruel as to deny me your
- Pity, grant the most unfortunate of Mortals
- Leave, at least, to expire at your Feet.

The Marchioness stood mute for some Time; at last looking on the Duke, with a Blush, ' Prince, says she, I am greatly concern'd at your Discourse ; your Passion can be no better than criminal, and my Duty forbids me to love you, and betray my Husband.' To which the Duke reply'd with a sorrowful Countenance, ' You have pronounced the Sentence of my Death ; and I desire to live no longer, Madam, if you deprive me of the Hopes of pleasing you.'

Cliodora, whose Temper was apt to receive the first Impressions of Love, and who had already begun to feel something more than an Esteem for this new Adorer, whom she thought extremely charming, went out of the Room, upon some Pretence, lest her Tenderness should triumph over her Reason ; and began to rejoice with herself for standing this Trial, without giving any Hopes of Success to the Duke.

But alas ! Love, which subdues all Hearts by an irresistible Force, soon inflam'd the Marchioness with a Fire she never before had felt. She lov'd the Duke from that very Moment, with so strong a Passion, that no Woman was ever so restless and uneasy ; and tho' she endeavour'd with all Care, to avoid

seeing the Conqueror, yet the God of Love whisper'd in her Ear, that she must soon yield.

The Duke was in great Hopes of meeting the Marchioness at some other Visit; but being disappointed, and thinking it too tedious to depend upon such a Chance, he put on a bold Resolution, and waited on her at her own Hotel. He had the good Fortune to find her all alone, and more engaging than the very Angels. *Clodora* was in a careless but magnificent Undress; her Hair being ty'd up with Amaranth-colour'd Knots, and large Diamonds, and her Breast half naked.

What Raptures did our Lover feel, at the Sight of so many Beauties! In that Instant he forgot all his other Mistresses; nay he forgot his very self, since he lay speechless for some time at the Feet of this amiable Lady, who looking on him with a languishing Eye, compleated the Duke's Defeat.

The Prince having recovered from his amorous Enthusiasm, press'd his Lips to one of the Marchioness's Hands, and bathing it with Tears, said, 'Madam, if I commit a Crime in loving you, yourself is the Cause thereof; your bright Eyes, and every other bewitching Charm, have robb'd me of my Repose. Forgive me, and save my Life.'

The Lady, who by this Time was in a Love-disorder, made no Answer to the Duke, and

and seem'd to approve of his Design by her Silence. The Duke in this happy Opportunity, contented himself with often saluting the Marchioness in an amorous Manner; and fearing that his growing Intimacy with this Lady should be discover'd, he departed.

Being returned home, he reflected on his Deportment with her, and was ashamed of his Bashfulness and Timidity. 'I have been blest, 'says he to himself, with the Sight of those 'Beauties that have heighten'd my Passion, 'and ravish'd my Soul: Those Eyes, sparkling with Love, those Ruby Lips seem'd 'to bid me go farther; and yet, instead of 'improving the happy Opportunity, I remain'd a stupid, faint-hearted Lover, at the 'Feet of that incomparable Fair-one.

As the Duke was thus expostulating with himself about the Matter, walking about his Room, he saw a Letter upon his Table, which upon opening it, he found to be from the Countess *Philis*, upbraiding him with his Inconstancy, and want of Faith.

'The small Trouble, says the Letter, your 'Highness has been at to preserve my Heart, 'shews but too plainly what little Regard you 'have for it; but Heavens be prais'd, I am 'not so blind, but that I see all your Faults 'better than you can imagine. The wanton- 'ey'd, malicious Marchioness, that you visit 'so often, and on whose Account, I am told, 'you

‘ you are distracted, will never be constant to
 ‘ you. Poor Creature! She is in love with
 ‘ every new Face, and has great Compassion
 ‘ for all those she hears sigh.

‘ In a Word, Your Highness burns your
 ‘ Incense upon every common Altar. You
 ‘ will, perhaps, be displeased with me, for
 ‘ writing as I do, about your new Conquest,
 ‘ and think that I am jealous : I own that my
 ‘ Love for you makes me so, even to an Ex-
 ‘ tremity ; yet I shall study to moderate my
 ‘ Transports, and banish, if possible, your
 ‘ Ingratitude from my Thoughts, since it is
 ‘ not in my Power to hate you.’

The Duke having read the Letter, flung it
 on the Table again with Disdain, saying,
 ‘ This Lady thinks that a Man can always
 ‘ love at the same Rate. Faith I have other
 ‘ Things to mind ; and my new-born Flame
 ‘ finds me more Employment than any I ever
 ‘ had before. Besides she can boast of nothing
 ‘ that can come in Competition with the
 ‘ charming *Cliodora* ; her Rosy Lips, Alabaster
 ‘ Complexion, bright killing Eyes, her deli-
 ‘ cate Breast ; in short, her whole lovely Per-
 ‘ son has enslaved my heart ; I love whatever
 ‘ she touches.

In saying these words, he look’d on a Dia-
 mond Ring he wore on his Finger, which he
 remember’d *Cliodora* had on hers, and kiss’d
 it over and over a hundred times. Amorous

Extra-

Extravagance ! not to be conceiv'd by any, but those who have been passionately in Love, as the Duke was.

The Count of *Toulouse*, his Brother, who came to him that very Moment, could not forbear laughing at his Folly, and ask'd him, what was it he had kiss'd with so much Pleasure ? ' My Hand, Brother, answer'd the Duke, which has touch'd a most lovely Thing ! Nay then, replies the Count, I have nothing to say to it, since you commit an agreeable Folly. But pray tell me, What Part of your Mistress's Person is it that you have touch'd ? Her Mouth, says *Mayne*. That's the nearest Place to her Heart, answered the Count. That may be, says *Mayne* ; but alas ! I find that Heart impregnable ; and it will cost me a great many Sighs, before I arrive at the Height of Happiness.

' Your Mistress is very cruel, I perceive, says the Count with a Smile. I thought a Cavalier, like you, could not languish above a Day ; you must not stay till she surrenders of her own Accord, but take her while she gives you an Opportunity. For my Part, continued the Count, I never told a Woman twice, that I lov'd her.

' You are happy, answered the Duke. But how can a Man expect Favours from a Person, who will not grant them, and has Reasons.

‘ sons for not granting them. I never was for
 ‘ using Violence, and had rather die for Love,
 ‘ than force any thing from a Woman, that
 ‘ she will not, or cannot give. ALL FOR
 ‘ LOVE, will ever be my Motto; a Man
 ‘ ought to gain a Woman’s Heart, and that
 ‘ Point once won, the rest follows of Course.

‘ That is not my Temper, says the Count
 ‘ bluntly; if I was born under the Planet
 ‘ *Venus*, I would Pillage and plunder in all
 ‘ the Dominions of Love. I find that you
 ‘ have made *Julia*, at least, sensible thereof,
 ‘ says *Mayne*; the poor Girl flies you like a
 ‘ Monster, and swears she never beheld so
 ‘ bold a Man as yourself. Brother, reply’d
 ‘ the Count, she cries out before she is hurt.
 ‘ The Duke of *Vendome* has done more to
 ‘ her than ever I did; but because he went a
 ‘ soft Way to work, she has made no Noise
 ‘ about it.

Well, that shews, however, says *Mayne*,
 ‘ that Gentleness and Patience go a great Way
 ‘ with the Ladies. The Duke of *Vendome*,
 ‘ like a cunning Sportsman, catches the Hare,
 ‘ without putting her to the Squeek.’

The Dukes of *Bourbon* and *Vermandois* came
 in, as they were in this Discourse, and ask’d them
 if they would give them their Company to the
 Opera. ‘ I had rather go to the Play, says the
 ‘ Count of *Toulouse*. I hear, replies *Bourbon*, that
 ‘ you are in love with *Christina*, who acts
 ‘ the

the most passionate Parts. Who, me! says the Count, in a surprize; I assure you that Love is none of my Business. I am too boisterous, inconstant, and would soon assault a Woman's Honour, or turn Deserter to the Sex.

If you be of that Temper, answered *Bourbon*, taking him by the Hand, you will find but few Women of Taste, that can have any Kindness for you: And I wonder you are not ashamed thus to prophane this noble Passion, than which, nothing is more worthy of a great Mind: For my Part, I look upon the Pleasure of Loving, as the most refined and sweetest Enjoyment of Life. I am of your Opinion, says the Duke of *Mayne*; and I look upon a Man without Love, to be like a dark, dull, melancholly Day, which is pleasing to no Body: In fine, Love makes Life agreeable, which otherwise would be tedious and troublesome.

The Count of *Tboulouse* finding that the Conversation ran still upon Love, gave the Duke of *Mayne* a pat on the Shoulder and said, Faith, Brother, it is a little unpolite to take so much Delight in teizing a Man at this Rate; come let us go to the *Italian* Play-House. The three Princes thereupon, took Coach, and having come to the Play-House, they went first into the Pit, and afterwards upon the Stage. Harlequin, that Night,

acted the Emperor of the Moon: The Count, who had the late Conversation still present in his Thoughts, asked him, 'If the Inhabitants of the Moon made Love, just as if he was practised on Earth? Yes, and please your Highness, answers that famous Mimick, without any Manner of Concern, which set the whole Audience a laughing.' Well, says the Count, go on with your Business.

The Play being over, the Princes returned to their respective Apartments; and the next Day, the Duke of *Mayne*, went to visit the Marchioness; who, distrusting her own Heart, thought it a Piece of Prudence to avoid the Sight of him. Therefore, she stole thro' a back Gate, and went to walk in the Garden, not thinking, that she had been perceived by her Lover. Thus being at Liberty, and alone, 'Alas! cried she, how incomparable is my Prince, in Means to charm me. It is in vain that I fly him, since my Inclinations to love him, surmount all Opposition. Troublesome Duty, do not tell me I owe my whole Heart to a Husband; Love wrests it from me by Force, and will—' She was going to say more, when the Duke of *Mayne*, who had followed her into the Garden, and hid himself behind a Tree, made some Noise, which gave her Notice, that he was there.

'Ah!

Ah! says she, it is you, Prince, that
 thus comes to surprize my Freedom and
 Innocence. Alas! adds she, with a bewitch-
 ing Air, if you knew how weak I am,
 when I see you, you would not thus break in
 upon my Solitude. For to tell you all, no-
 thing is so tormenting to me, as the Duty
 incumbent on my Honour, neither to see, or
 love you. I dare not follow the tender In-
 clinations I have for you, lest I should split
 on a Rock, and break the sacred Ties of
 Matrimony.

All this, Madam, replies the Duke, is
 not sufficient to oblige you to fly me; for
 the more you know me, the less Danger
 you will find in my Company. I know
 but too well, answers she, what my Heart
 thinks of it. I do not blush to own, that I
 find infinite Charms in your Person; that
 I am pleas'd with every thing you do, and
 look upon the Necessity of your Absence,
 as the greatest Misfortune imaginable. But,
 then, what secret Reproaches of violated
 Duty, should I be expos'd to, if I should
 give you an Opportunity of seeing me in
 private? No, that Step is too slippery for
 my Heart; therefore your Highness must
 be satisfi'd with these Reasons, and not en-
 deavour to involve me in endless Afflic-
 tions.

As she finished this Answer, she ran out of the Garden so suddenly, that the Duke had much ado to keep within the Sight of her. And having hid herself in a dark Alley as she Thought, on the Outside of the Garden, the Duke coming up, told her, ' That he must send for some Pieces of Cannon, to beat her out of her Retrenchment; and asked her what she meant by flying from him so? If I had been more bold in discovering to you, says he, all the Force of my Passion, perhaps, either out of Kindness, or Gratitude, you would have done for me, what you must undoubtedly do for another, who will not deserve it so well; because none can love you so sincerely as I do. This Madam, adds he, is what drives me to Despair.'

The Marchioness having heard him out, Prince, cries she, with a most passionate Voice, your Presence does but tare open those Wounds, which would heal of themselves, if you were absent. I use all that the Art of Love can dictate, to avoid that fatal Rock, on which I am afraid to Split in the very Harbour.'

The Duke perceiving her dying Resolution, fell at her Feet, and stopped her against her Will. This small, but seasonable Violence, wrought so much upon the Heart of this lovely Person, that she staid for a considerable

ble while with him, and seemed to approve all the moving, and tender Expressions of his Passion.

Oh ! sudden and unaccountable Change : But alas ! What's impossible to Love, when it designs to master a Heart ? It seems as if all Nature, was made to obey the blind God, since nothing can resist his Power. The fair *Cliodora* experienced it on this Occasion, notwithstanding her having often summoned both Duty, Charity, Fidelity, and all the sacred Obligations of a descreet Wife to her Husband, in vain to her Assistance.

‘ Now, says she, am I surprized, conquered, ‘ and speechless at once.’ At this she yielded to the fond Caresses of her Lover, who embraced her most tenderly, and looked passionately on her, to discover in her Eyes, the Sentence either of his Life, or Death. The Marchioness, casting a languishing Eye upon him, said, ‘ Alas ! I am ruined : All my ‘ Fears are come upon me, and the cruelest ‘ Death, would now be a Blessing.’ Here her Voice failed her, and she bursted out in a Shower of Tears in the Duke’s Arms.

The sable Mantle of Night coming on, the Duke both out of Decency, Kindness, and Love, conducted her to her House ; and entertained her all the Way, with the most endearing Expressions ; and at taking his Leave, she fell into the cruelest Agonies imaginable. This
Night

Night was, to the lovely *Clodora*, a Night full of Horror, Uneasiness, and all that can be most tormenting in this Life. She was of a tender and amorous Temper, and had never before felt so violent and engaging a Passion; she exactly examined all that the Duke had said to her, which made a deep Impression on her Heart.

Antonin, one of her intimate Acquaintance, who surprized her the next Morning in Bed, found her so changed, that, all in a Fright, she asked her the Reason of her sad Metamorphosis? 'Alas!' says the Marchioness, with a doleful Voice, 'if I should tell you the Cause of my Misfortunes, you would be so astonish'd at the Condition my Heart is now in, that you would certainly pity my miserable Fate.'

'Madam,' replies *Antonin*, 'I sympathize with your Trouble, tho' I know nothing of the particulars thereof. Can you believe,' says the Marchioness, 'that I love the most accomplished Man alive? Fame, indeed, has not done him Justice; but Heaven has bestow'd all the Charms on him, that are able to enslave the whole Creation.'

Antonin, who thought all this while, that the Marchioness spoke of her Husband, answered, 'Madam, I have long since known the superior Merit of your illustrious Husband. Here she paused awhile; and the Marchio-

Marchioness resuming the Discourse. ' Alas!
' says she, how happy should I be, were I only
' charmed by my Husband's Merit? But an-
' other possesses my Heart, and I cannot for-
' bear loving him, in spite of Duty, Honour,
' Fidelity, and all that opposes the Torrent of
' my Inclinations.

' How, Madam, replies *Antonia* in a Sur-
' prize, you love another besides the Marquis
' your Husband? I do, answers *Clodora*, I
' do, dear *Antonia*, love another against my
' Will; and my Heart has yielded to the
' most perfect of all Mortals.

' But who is the happy Mortal, says *An-
' tonia* with a grave Air, who has found the
' secret Charm, that could captivate your
' Heart, which seemed to be an impregnable
' Fortress? How often has the Count of —
' made fruitless Attempts, upon the Citadel of
' that Fort, which, perhaps, now surrenders
' without Resistance, to a less formidable Con-
' queror.

' Oh! cruel *Antonia*, answers the Marchio-
' ness, with a dying Look, If you knew how
' my Heart, my Reason, and all the Powers
' of my Soul have struggled with this Passion;
' you would not speak as you do. I have
' boldly encounter'd all that can charm a Heart;
' it is no great Wonder then, to see Victory
' declare for the most powerful. The Duke
' of *Mayne* Triumphs over my Resolution,
' and

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‘and it was that irresistible, that charming
 ‘Conqueror, that gives me these Agonies.’

Antonia, in hearing this Declaration, was seized
 with an Astonishment not to be expressed; and
 fixing her Looks on the Marchioness, asked
 her, ‘What is now come of that great Vir-
 ‘tue, and Reserve, Madam, which made you
 ‘the Admiration of all the World? I can-
 ‘not tell, my Dearest,’ says *Cliodora*, falling
 ‘into a Trance, in which she continued for
 some Time, without Speech, or Motion. At
 last, having recovered her Spirits, ‘Faithful
 ‘Spouse, cry’d she, I have been treacherous
 ‘to you, by breaking my Marriage Vows.’
 Then looking on his Picture, that hung by
 her Bed-side, ‘And oh! continued the Mar-
 ‘chioness, why should I break thy Heart,
 ‘by this insufferable Conduct.

‘Fatal is unlawful Love; it has ruined my
 ‘Respose, and precipitated my Days into an
 ‘endless Abyfs of Woe and Misery. Guilt
 ‘begins to Triumph over Virtue, and crushes
 ‘me under the abominable Weight of Vice.
 ‘O Heaven! that beholds the Troubles of
 ‘my distracted Soul, calm this horrid Storm,
 ‘by some gentle Influence.’

She scarce had done speaking, when the
 Marquis, who had been a Hunting for some
 Days, with his Friends in the Country, came
 into the Room, and sat down upon the Bed’s-
 side, where she lay. He expressed his usual
 Kind-

Kindness to her ; but finding her extremely changed, he asked her the Cause of it with a deal of Concern ?

Cliodora, as you may imagine, was not so foolish as to own her Frailty ; but on the contrary, concealed and dissembled it ; and put on a seeming Satisfaction at the dull Caresses of her Husband. Some Time after, being left alone with the Confident, she said, ‘ Dear *Antonia*, a Husband is still the same Thing, and Love is pleased with Variety. But, Madam, reply’d *Antonia* smiling, how can you expect always to find that pleasing Variety in a Gallant ?

‘ I cannot insure it, says the careless Marchioness ; however, it is requisite to pass from one amorous Engagement to another, were it but to keep our Hearts in Action, which, otherwise, would grow dull and insensible. You preach a fine Doctrine, answers *Antonia* ; but I am afraid your Precepts are dangerous, and proceed from loose, wanton Thoughts, which you ought rather to suppress and checque, than indulge, or encourage.

‘ Alas ! how can I ? says the Lady, rising from her Bed. See, here comes the dear Charmer that has raised them, whom I cannot, must not shun.’ At these Words, the Duke of *Mayne*, came in, and asked her ‘ how she had passed the Night ? She answered, ‘ Very uneasily, dear Prince.’ *Antonia* per-

ceiving that her Company might be troublesome, went out of the Room immediately, and left them to themselves.

The Duke being thus alone with his Mistress, diverted her with relating over his Passion for her, ' Which, says he, is arrived at its highest Pitch. Then I fear it will soon decline, reply'd *Cliodora*, since Philosophers tell us, that Things being once come to their Zenith, begin to decrease, and return to their Center. My dear Angel, answered the Duke, with Tenderness, I am above Philosophers, and all their pretended Knowledge: I will teach them, by the Duration of my Love, that they are no better than a Society of Fools. It is true, that by an unsearchable Decree of Heaven, all Things are changeable in this Life; but for my Part, I will be always the same to you.

' These sweet Hopes, my lovely Prince, says the Marchioness, clasping her Hands about his Neck, ravish my very Soul, and shew me the utmost Extent of my Felicity. Will you then ever love me, without Alteration?' I will, answered, the Duke; and swore upon the Faith and Honour of a passionate Lover, frail Security, that future Ages should admire the Constancy of his Heart. The Marchioness took his Word for it, and was pleased to believe all he had said.

Some

Some Time after, the Duke of *Mayne* being at the Princess of *Roche-sur-Yon's* Hotel, he there had a Sight of the young Princess *Illida*, and was so taken with her Conversation, that forgetting his other Amours, and Engagements, he fell passionately in Love with her. It will not be amiss here, to give the Picture of so accomplished a Beauty, which may contribute to entertain the Reader.

The Princess *Illida* was a tall, proper, black Lady; her Shape free and easy; she had fine large sparkling black Eyes, level with the rest of her Face; a white and lively Complexion, and the most beautiful little Mouth in the World: Ivory Teeth, set with a regular Symmetry; a smile that charmed; a Look, noble and great, and yet sweet and engaging; with the finest Voice that ever had been heard.

All this was more than sufficient, to raise a great Desire in the Duke of *Mayne*, who was naturally very susceptible of Love: And finding an Opportunity, he lost no Time in disclosing the Sentiments of his Heart to the Princess; and she, not being Proof against Cupid's Darts, returned very obliging Answers to all the fine Speeches he made to her. The Prince of *Conti* dying about that Time, retarded the amorous Affairs of the Duke for some Time, because the Princess of *Illida* was his Relation.

The Days of Ceremony being over, the Duke went to see her, at the Dowager Princess of *Conti's*; who having a great Regard for *Illida*, advised her to be very careful how far she should embark with the Duke; who, says *Conti*, changes his Mistresses oftner than his Cloaths. 'Heavens! what is it you tell me?' replies the Princess *Illida*; of all the 'Things in the World, I abhor Inconstancy 'most. Madam, it's a very nice Point, answered the Princess of *Conti*; *Frenchmen* are 'of a very fickle Temper, and generally false to 'our Sex, tho' never so true to their own; 'and I heartily pity all the Women that engage with them, in an amorous Commerce, 'which, of all others, requires Honesty and 'Sincerity.

'Well, Madam, replies the Princess *Illida*, 'looking stedfastly upon her, my Engagement is not so far gone, but that I may 'break it: Yet I must needs own, that if 'any Person, besides your Highness, had told 'me as much, I would have looked upon it as 'a Piece of malicious Jealousy, to undermine 'the Duke of *Mayne* in my Esteem; but 'since no such Thing can ever enter into my 'Thoughts, I shall take my Measures according to your Advice.

'I hope you will, says the Princess of *Conti*; but if you do not, you must expect to 'lose the good Opinion I have of your Discretion.

‘cretion. This Caution, added she, is the
‘same as I lately gave to a Lady of my Ac-
‘quaintance, who answered me briskly, Why,
‘Madam, should we lose precious Time? It
‘is proper to love as soon as possible: Hearts
‘born for that Passion, are lost when they are
‘without it. The poor Fool, continued the
‘Princess, has since found by Experience, that
‘it is much better to have no Lover at all,
‘than to have an inconstant one. For my
‘Part, if I had a Mind to have a pleasant and
‘lasting Amour, I would pitch upon a Fo-
‘reigner, or some Cavalier older than myself,
‘that should take no Advantage of his
‘Youth.

‘What would your Highness do with a
‘Foreigner, says the Princess *Illida*? They
‘are generally, but a Sort of clownish ill-bred,
‘dull Persons, unless they travel thro’ *France*,
‘*Italy*, and other Countries: That done,
‘they commonly learn the Manners of the
‘Country they have seen, and then are no
‘better than the rest. No Men can be more
‘tender, more amorous, more changeable, or
‘more jealous than the *Italians*; they love,
‘sometimes, even to Madness, but their
‘Flame is of no Continuance.

‘The *Spaniards* are much like the *Italians*,
‘but that they have not so much Spleen and
‘Malice. The *English* have something very
‘unaccountable; they are presently for killing
‘their

‘ their Rivals, or hanging themselves. As
 ‘ for the *Dutch*, their Love is so insipid, and
 ‘ dull, that the most accomplished of them
 ‘ all, shall not speak five Words that can
 ‘ please his Mistress, for a whole Year.

‘ Pray, of what Country then, would you
 ‘ have your Lover, says the Princess of *Conti*,
 ‘ with a hearty laugh? I fancy you must get
 ‘ one among the *Turks*, or *Moors*. Fie, Ma-
 ‘ dam, reply’d the Princess *Illida*, smiling;
 ‘ if I would have a Lover to my Fancy, I
 ‘ would chuse a *German*, or *Switzer*. A very
 ‘ fine Choice, I vow! says the Princess of
 ‘ *Conti*; for the *Germans* and *Switzers* are so
 ‘ heavy, so dull, so clownish and unpolished —
 ‘ Madam, reply’d the Princess *Illida*, interrupt-
 ‘ ing her, they are down-right constant, honest
 ‘ Men.’

The Duke of *Mayne* and of *Anjou*, who
 surprized these two Princesses, soon made
 them change their Conversation. ‘ Alas!
 ‘ Prince, says the Princess of *Conti*, on see-
 ‘ ing the Duke of *Mayne* make his Addressee
 ‘ to the Princess *Illida*, I think you are nei-
 ‘ ther *German*, nor *Switzer*. Why that to
 ‘ me, Madam, replies the Duke? Must a
 ‘ Man be a *German*, or *Switzer* to please this
 ‘ incomparable Beauty? Yes, he must, an-
 ‘ swered the Princess: They are constant,
 ‘ down-right, and honest — Faith, Madam,
 ‘ reply’d,

‘ reply’d *Mayne*, it is because they have not
‘ the Wit to be otherwise: But is constancy such
‘ a mighty Thing in Love?

‘ Ah, cry’d the Princess *Illida*, how maliciously cunning is the Princess of *Conti*? to
‘ make the Duke confess his own Faults. Nothing can be more engaging in this World,
‘ than Constancy; and without that solid Quality, all Enjoyments would be unpalatable,
‘ without any relish, and must breed anxious
‘ Thoughts.’ The Duke of *Mayne* presently discovered the trick put upon him by the Princess of *Conti*, to give her Relation an ill Opinion of him; and without making any Answer, he took his Leave, and retired Home.

The Duke was no sooner come to his Apartment, but he bent all his Thoughts, to remove the bad Impressions the Princess of *Conti* had made on the Princess *Illida*, to his great Mortification. The Princess *Illida* became so prejudiced against the Duke, that all he could say to her, was not able to move her Prepossession against him: The Prince was so enraged at this Treatment, that he expostulated the Matter with the Princess of *Conti* in very high and sharp Terms; and ever since, have had an irreconcilable Hatred for each other. But to return to the Duke, being resolved not to drop his Suit to the Princess *Illida*, he therefore sent her the following Letter.

‘ Madam, your unjust Reproaches have
‘ robbed me of my Rest; and if you continue

‘ to

' to have so bad an Opinion of me, and banish
 ' me from your dear Presence, I must infalli-
 ' bly fall a Victim to your uncharitable Judg-
 ' ment and Severity. You see the Sin you
 ' are going to commit: What Remorses of
 ' Conscience must you not have, for ever
 ' to torment you, if I die? I am grown so
 ' faint and weak, that I have hardly Strength
 ' enough to write to you. This my strange
 ' Condition, which you have brought me to,
 ' ought to give me a Title to your Heart;
 ' for without the Possession of so inesti-
 ' mable a Treasure, I can have no Hopes of
 ' ever being happy.

' You may triumph over my Passion, and
 ' use at Pleasure, the Power you have over
 ' me, since the Condition I am in, will not
 ' suffer me to do any Thing in my own De-
 ' fence, except to assure you, that what the
 ' Princess of *Conti* told you, with Regard to
 ' me, is nothing else but Falshood. She is
 ' all Malice, and cannot endure to see a Man
 ' sigh for any other, but herself; as if she was
 ' possessed of all the Perfections in the World.
 ' As she comes infinitely short of those
 ' shining Qualities, that Nature has bestowed
 ' on you; she cannot but have a mortal Jea-
 ' lously to you.

' Farewell, illustrious Princess, and do not
 ' refuse the humblest and most passionate of
 ' your Adorers, the Favour of believing him
 ' the

' the most faithful, and most sincere of all
' Mortals.'

DU MAYNE.

This Letter was very kindly received by the Princess *Ilida*, and told the Gentleman who brought it, ' That she longed to see his Master.' The Duke no sooner received this News, but he immediately flew to his Mistress, and casting himself at her Feet, begged of her to hear him only for one Moment. I will hear you as long as you please, says the Princess.

The Prince seeing an unaffected Tenderness in her Look, told her ' That he was over-joy'd to find her Indifference at an End, which could proceed from nothing else, but the malicious Insinuations of the Princess of *Conti*, whose true Character he had already given her. It is true, continued the Duke, I have had several Mistresses, which I never loved long, because they had not the Power to keep me. Their Charms were too faint to please above a Month, a Man of so nice a Taste as myself. It is you alone, my only Charmer, that is capable of fixing my Affection.

' Prince, replies the Lady, smiling, A Month? Nay, a Week is pretty well for incessant Lovers. They seldom like a Mistress at the second Views. If all Ladies

‘ were like you, Madam, says the Duke, with
 ‘ a gay Air, Men would never change their
 ‘ Female Friends ; but rather impose upon
 ‘ themselves, the agreeable Necessity of loving
 ‘ them for ever.

‘ These are Compliments you make to all
 ‘ the Sex, reply’d the Princess, and Men of
 ‘ your Temper have always a large Fund of
 ‘ fine Things to cajole the Ladies with. There’s
 ‘ no general Rule without an Exception, says
 ‘ the Duke. There is, indeed, a Sort of
 ‘ Men that cannot live without an Amour ;
 ‘ and these we call General Lovers. They
 ‘ love then, out of Habit and Custom, an-
 ‘ swered the Princess ; their Passion is, there-
 ‘ fore, nothing but an Amusement.

‘ Habit and Custom have undoubtedly a great
 ‘ Share in it, reply’d the Duke ; and many
 ‘ Men do not look upon Love as a serious Affair.
 ‘ The Reason they give to colour their Fickle-
 ‘ ness is, that it is impossible for a Heart to be
 ‘ possessed with two Passions at once ; and
 ‘ that the last Impressions are stronger, and
 ‘ more piercing than the first : And, accord-
 ‘ ing to this Principle, they change their Mis-
 ‘ stresses as often as their Linen ; being capti-
 ‘ vated by the Fair, the Black, and the Brown,
 ‘ by Turns.’

The Princess could not forbear laughing,
 at the pleasant Way the Duke made his Court
 to her ; and told him, ‘ It was a vain Thing

‘ to

‘ to attempt to resist his Address, and the
‘ Charms of his Wit, since it was but losing
‘ one’s Repose, without getting the Victory.
‘ Would to God, Madam, cry’d the Duke
‘ grasping her little Lilly white Hand, which
‘ he kiss’d most amorously, I were Master of
‘ that Merit you are pleas’d to give me ; but
‘ my small Skill and shallow Genius, con-
‘ tradict the good Opinion you have of me.

‘ Not at all, reply’d the Princess ; and I
‘ am sure you deserve the Character I give you.
‘ Can I flatter myself, that you are persuad’d
‘ of what you say, says the Duke ? I really
‘ am, answered the Princess, with a melting
‘ Look ; and, notwithstanding all my Dis-
‘ guises, my Heart tells me, that you are not
‘ indifferent to me.’ These pleasing Expressions,
accompanied with the languishing Air of the
Princess, so transported the Duke, that had
he not been supported by a Table, he must
have fallen at her Feet.

At last, having recovered from his fond
extasy, ‘ See, Madam, says he, what Rap-
‘ tures and Transports your Divine Beauty
‘ raises in me. Every Thing speaks in my Fa-
‘ vour, to persuade you of the Strength of my
‘ Passion ; and nothing can alleviate the Tor-
‘ ments I endure, but the Hopes that you do
‘ not doubt my Sincerity.’

The Princess, whose chief Delight was to
see her Adorers languish, feign’d as if she be-

lieved the Protestations he made of his Passion to her by Halves. It was her Humour to keep several Lovers at a Bay, and lead them about in Fool's Paradise, without caring to be at any great Love-Expence for them; while the deluded Admirers, were at endless Pains, for Favours in Reversion. The Duke, for once, was one of these; tho' we cannot assure, whether his fine Address, and incomparable Wit did not raise him above the Fortune of his Competitors.

The amorous Commerce betwixt the Duke, and the Princess *Illida*, could not be kept so secret, but that it came to the Knowledge of the Marchioness *Clidora*, who loved him desperately. Love, which never Sleeps, but is continually upon the Watch, discovered it in a very pleasant Manner.

One Day, as these two Lovers were together in an Arbour, by the Side of a Palace, where the Marchioness chanced to be on a Visit, she heard the Duke, thro' the Wall, say to a Lady, 'Madam, I shall willingly give you my Picture, since you ask for it in so engaging a Manner; but don't you think, most amiable Princess, that I shall envy its Happiness, in being near you, when I sigh after your dear Presence?' Here he paused a while.

The Marchioness being curious, as all the rest of her Sex are, went nearer to the Wall, and

and discovered that it was the Duke of *Mayne's* Voice, but could not tell who the Lady was, that he had spoke to. ' Now am I betray'd, ' cry'd the Marchioness, loud enough to be ' heard. That false Man loves another ! Can ' any Misfortune be so great as mine ? ' The Princess *Ilida*, being very fearful and timorous, hearing a strange Voice, and most doleful Complaints ; desired her Lover to take Coach again, and return Home. The Duke instantly obey'd, and having carried her to her own Hotel, he took his Leave of her till the next Day, when they appointed to meet near the Forest of *Vincennes*, towards the close of the Evening.

The Duke of *Mayne*, who from the Moment he heard the Cries that were made while he was in the Arbor, began to suspect that the Marchioness was acquainted with his new Intrigue, and was at a Loss how to manage a Woman, so jealous, and so troublesome as he knew her to be. At last, to get rid of her, in as civil a Manner as possible, he feign'd himself Sick, and acquainted her, by Letter, ' That ' his Physician had ordered him to forbear ' conversing with her Sex, if he was tender of ' his own Life ; and that to cure his Melancholly, he had ordered him to drink the ' Waters of *Bourbon*, whither he designed to ' go in a few Days.'

The

The cunning Marchioness presently smoked the Plot, and perceiving her Reign was at an End, she prevailed so far upon her own Love and Jealousy, that she received the Duke's Letter with great Indifference, and pretended to believe all he had said, tho' she was sure of the contrary. However, she sent him the following Answer, on his feign'd Illness, and his going to the Waters.

‘ Alas! Fair Prince, what would I not do
 ‘ to restore your Health? A barbarous Fever is
 ‘ like to blast your Lilly Complexion, and
 ‘ you are going to the Waters, to put out its
 ‘ Fire. But I think, your new Passion that
 ‘ has kindled it, might extinguish it as well,
 ‘ without going so far, to deprive me of your
 ‘ dear Presence. Oh! how fortunate were Lovers
 ‘ in the first Ages of the World! they
 ‘ were still loving, still constant and faithful,
 ‘ they never parted from one another; and
 ‘ Treachery never wrested the Lover from his
 ‘ Mistress's Arms.

‘ Happy Times! whither are you fled?
 ‘ Why does not Heaven grant us now so great
 ‘ a Blessing? I would not feel the cruel smart of
 ‘ your Departure; nor would you be delighted
 ‘ with Change, but rather place your Happiness
 ‘ in the sweets of constant Love.’

CLIODORA.

The

The Duke immediately saw that his Stratagem was discover'd. 'How cunning, says he, is that Woman: She seems contented to lose what she cannot have, yet I am mad that she shews no more Jealousy. It is plain, methinks, she lov'd me not, and I was the fond, deluded Lover. But why do I repine? I ought to be glad of her Indifference, since a nobler Passion possesses my Heart.'

These Thoughts kept the Duke a long while seriously employ'd. He was in Suspense whether he should see the Marchioness, or not. One Evening as he was walking, irresolute on that Subject, which ran in his Mind, he found himself near the Lady's House; and she being at her Window, withdrew as soon as she had seen him. The Duke, notwithstanding her seeming Disdain and Scorn, pull'd a little Bell, which was the secret Signal. One of the Marchioness's Women led him into a dark Parlour, where, having perceived some Arms under the Table, and in a Corner of the Room, which was unusual; and considering, besides, that his Introducer had lock'd him in, he began to suspect something; whereupon, he leap'd out of the Window, and made his Escape thro' the Garden.

The Marchioness, who was jealous of her Love and Reputation, even to Madness, had come to a Resolution of assassinating the Duke privately,

privately, to be revenged on his Infidelity ; and for that Purpose had sent for some Men, who were coming in great Haste, mask'd and disguised. She came into the Parlour, where she expected to see her false Lover, but was so surpris'd when she found him not there, that she fell into Fits, and was speechless for some time. At last, having recover'd herself, she thank'd those Gentlemen, who had taken this Opportunity to be revenged on the Duke of *Mayne*, for an Affront he had given her at play, as she made them believe.

Clodora, who seem'd to be all good Nature, was but a Snake hid under Flowers. She was now enraged to find herself disappointed ; and rushing like a Fury upon the Woman that conducted the Duke into the Parlour, ' Traitors, says she, catching her ' by the Neck, you have betray'd me, by ' causing the most perfidious of Men to escape ' my just Resentment. He, now, will make ' me infamous to the World, by publishing ' the wicked Design I had form'd against his ' Life ; you, however, shall be a Sacrifice ' to my Revenge.'

As she had spoken these Words in the greatest of Passions, the Marquis thinking that Thieves had got into his House, came in with his Sword drawn. But how surpriz'd was he, to see his Wife with her Hair all loose, a Dagger in her Hand, Curses in her Mouth,

Mouth, and wild Despair in her Looks, putting a String about her Woman's Neck ; whom, as we are well assur'd, had formerly been her Nurse. The Marquis luckily prevented this fatal Catastrophe ; and with his sword, cut the String that was ready to strangle this innocent Creature.

As soon as the Tragi-comedy was over, both out of Gratitude and Revenge, the Woman put all the Marchioness's Letters, which were so many Testimonies of her Infidelity, into her Master's Hands. He being a Man that valued his Honour to a scrupulous Nicety, and was very jealous in all Points that regarded his Reputation, made such a strict Enquiry into his Wife's Intrigues, that being fully convinced of her Treachery, he caused her to be put into so severe a Nunnery, that she had the very Hair of her Eye-brows shaved off.

The Duke, who had, underhand, contributed to the Marchioness's Confinement, during Life, was sufficiently revenged, without much Trouble. The Archbishop of *Paris*, who was his Friend, as well as the Abbess of the Convent, being made acquainted with the Affair, they gave Orders to have the Marchioness, now and then, severely disciplin'd, as well for her other Sins, as for the Plot she had framed against the Duke's Life, which would have cost her no less than her own, if he had deliver'd her up into the Hands of Justice.

‘What is it that a jealous Woman is not capable of doing!’ says the Duke one Day, in Company with some Friends, without mentioning the Cause of his Exclamation; ‘the D—l himself is but a Fool to her; she is all Diffimulation, and stops at nothing that is wicked, to have her Revenge.’ The Princess *Illida*, who had these Words reported to her, believed that they were spoken on her Account; having a few Days before shewn some Discontent at a Present the Duke had made to *Mademoiselle de Bourbon*, on whom he always look’d as his future Spouse.

All these little Quarrels being over, the Duke resolved to divert a thousand Anxieties he felt in his Mind; and refresh his Heart, which was surfeited with so many different Passions. In order to this, he made a Campaign on the *Rhine*, in which he bent all his Thoughts on Honour and Fame, seldom or never thinking of his Mistresses. Being returned home at the Approach of Winter, he paid his Visits to the Princess *Illida*, who receiv’d him with great Coldness and Indifference.

This Behaviour in the Princess, was sufficient to disengage the Duke, who could not bear to be slighted; and from that very Moment, he resolved to make another Conquest. The Lady he had a Design upon, was *Madam Olida*, Wife to a Baron of great Worth and

and Reputation, and an intimate Friend of the Princesses *de Tours*, and *de Nantes*, his Sisters. As soon as he had made an Acquaintance with her, the King made the Duke of *Bourbon* marry the Princess *de Tours*. It was during the Rejoicings made on this Occasion, that he declared his Love to the Baroness, unknown to every Body but the Duke of *Bourbon*, who told his Wife, that he believ'd the Duke of *Mayne* was enamour'd of the Baroness.

' That may be, answer'd the Dutcheß, for
' he is so inconstant and changeable, that I
' believe, in a little Time, no Woman will
' give him the Hearing. Oh, how I hate
' Inconstancy ! there's no Treachery so bad as
' that of being perfidious in Love. Madam,
' reply'd her Husband smiling, it is the Fa-
' shion now-a-days, and therefore you ought
' to have better Thoughts of the Duke your
' Brother. I would not, however, advise
' him to marry, till he has sown all his wild
' Oats.'

' Sir, says the Dutcheß, he will always be
' the same. All those of his Complexion are
' exceeding amorous ; for Choler, which is
' predominant in their Nature, excites them
' to Love. Pray, Madam, where did you
' learn this Philosophy ? says the Duke of
' *Bourbon* to his Wife. I have learn'd it
' from *Plato's* and *Socrates's* Works, answer'd
' the Dutcheß, which treat of Philosophical

‘ Physiognomy, and of all the Signs whereby
 ‘ we come to the Knowledge of the natural
 ‘ Inclinations of Men.’

‘ Dinner was no sooner over, than the Duke
 of *Bourbon*, who was very curious after such
 Researches, sent for the Works of *Socrates*
 and *Plato*; and the Company being met in a
 grand Parlour, every one look’d for his own
 Temper and Inclination, in those Philosophers.
 The Duke of *Mayne*, whose Wit was full of
 Life and Spriteliness, began the Conversation.

‘ It is the Opinion, says he, of *Aristotle* and
 ‘ *Galen*, which they have often repeated, That
 ‘ a Man’s Genius and Manners are often
 ‘ shewn by the Stature and Habit of his Body;
 ‘ and that your little, or middle siz’d Men
 ‘ are generally ingenious.

‘ *Hippocrates*, says the Prince of *Conti*, in-
 ‘ terrupting him, was of Opinion, that all
 ‘ those who profess Physick, ought to be
 ‘ skill’d in Physiognomy, otherwise, that they
 ‘ were apt to commit gross Errors in respect
 ‘ to their Patients; and I do not wonder to see
 ‘ my Physician often at a Loss to know my
 ‘ Distemper, as he is not a good Physiogno-
 ‘ mist. Monsieur *Pinac*, Archbishop of *Lyons*,
 ‘ was so well acquainted with Physiognomy
 ‘ and Metoposcopy, that having one Day
 ‘ looked fixedly upon the Duke of *Biron*, he
 ‘ foretold him his fatal End to a Minute.

‘ Passions,

‘ Passions, says the Dutcheſs of *Bourbon*,
‘ are infallible Indications of one’s Temper ;
‘ for Example, Sadneſs proceeds from Choler,
‘ and a brisk airy Diſpoſition, from abundance
‘ of Blood. It is no Wonder, then, replies
‘ the Prince of *Conti*, that you are ſo jovial
‘ and gay : As for the Princeſs *de Nantes*,
‘ continu’d he, caſting a Look upon her, ſhe
‘ has a moderate Melancholly, which is a Sign
‘ of good Senſe.

‘ Beautifully obſerv’d, ſays that Princeſs,
‘ with a Smile, for *Ariſtotle* tells us, that the
‘ Virtuofi of his Time, were for the moſt
‘ part, of a melancholly Temper. It is very
‘ true, Siſter, replies the Duke of *Mayne*,
‘ but here is a Place, where *Galen*, with the
‘ ſame Philoſopher, ſpeaks of two Sorts of
‘ Melancholly ; the one is temper’d with the
‘ Blood and Choler, and the other by Phlegm :
‘ The firſt produces Wit and good Senſe, and
‘ the other, Inconſtancy, Fickleneſs, Deceit
‘ and Ill-nature.

‘ If one durſt accuſe you of Inconſtancy,
‘ Brother, reply’d the Dutcheſs of *Bourbon*,
‘ with a malicious Sneer, I fancy he would
‘ not wrong you much, though you are ſo full
‘ of Mirth and Chearfulneſs. Is it poſſible,
‘ ſays the Baroneſs *Olida*, for the Duke of
‘ *Mayne* to be inconſtant ? That is a Failing
‘ too much below the Greatneſs of that Prince’s
‘ Soul. Inconſtant ! Madam, reply’d the
‘ Duke :

‘ Duke: Alas! when I love, my Love is
 ‘ solid, constant, and without Bounds. That
 ‘ is true, says the Dutches, very maliciously,
 ‘ because it is a General Love: Besides, you
 ‘ love like a Master, that must, and will be
 ‘ obliged.

‘ I confess, Madam, that my Passion is
 ‘ Masculine and greedy, and wants something
 ‘ to feed upon; a kind Look, or a gentle Smile,
 ‘ is able to inspire me with Love, but it is
 ‘ too slender a Diet to please me. To what ex-
 ‘ cessive Height, dear Brother, do you let your
 ‘ Passions run? answered the Dutches; your
 ‘ Love is rash, wanton, and indiscreet, Prin-
 ‘ cess, says the Duke of *Mayne*, you must
 ‘ pardon those Excesses, which flow from my
 ‘ very Nature. I cannot look on a handsome,
 ‘ well-shap’d Woman, with a Face of Lillies
 ‘ and Roses, Cherry Lips, and sparkling Eyes,
 ‘ without burning with a raging Flame.

‘ But when you are in these amorous Rap-
 ‘ tures with your Mistress, says the Duke of
 ‘ *Bourbon*, taking him by the Hand, do you
 ‘ ever arrive at the happy Minute? I must
 ‘ confess that you are very curious, answered
 ‘ *Mayne*, smiling. I never met with any but
 ‘ unkind, ill-natured Mistresses, who have
 ‘ made me pine and languish. Dissemble not,
 ‘ says the Duke of *Bourbon*, I know a certain
 ‘ Lady that has a Passion for you, which is
 ‘ not much to her Reputation.

‘ A Wo-

‘ A Woman, answered the Duke of *Mayne*,
‘ may have one or two Amours in her Life,
‘ without blasting her Reputation, provided
‘ she has Address to conceal them. The Sun
‘ is sometimes lost in an Eclipse, but after-
‘ wards, shines as glorious as ever. Indeed,
‘ says the Baroness *Olida*, affecting a deal of
‘ Modesty, these are new Morals to me, I
‘ cannot imagine how a Woman can be ac-
‘ counted virtuous and innocent, when she
‘ parts with her most valuable Treasure to a
‘ Man.’

The Duke of *Mayne* arose suddenly from
his Seat, on hearing the Baroness conclude her
Discourse, and interrupted the Conversation by
singing the following Words.

*What Heart is Proof against the Darts of Love?
When shot from my Angelina's Eyes.*

‘ A very moving Stile, I confess, says the
‘ Dutcheß of *Bourbon*; a Person must be no
‘ less amorous than the Duke of *Mayne*, to
‘ be inspired with those soft Expressions. I
‘ fancy he loves like the antient Gods, especially
‘ like *Vulcan*, who marches at the Head of
‘ the C——ds: And I believe, adds she with
‘ a smile, he would bear it patiently, since
‘ there are Thousands to keep him in Coun-
‘ tenance.’

The

The Duke fetch'd a Sigh, and looked dull at these prophetick Words. To amuse his melancholly Thoughts, he retired to a solitary Grove, in the Garden, there to walk alone. In a little Time after, he returned to the Company. The Ladies who saw him coming, went to meet him; and taking him by the Arm, every one asked him with an eager Impatience, 'Where have you been, Prince? Where have you been?'

The Duke feign'd not to hear what they said; and having considered a while what answer he should make, he told them boldly, 'That he had Reason to thank God, that there was no Inquisition in *France*; and that he would say no more.' This sharp Answer put the Ladies to the Blush, and so nettled them, that they left him to himself all alone.

That Night was spent without any thing of Eclat, except that the Baroness *Olida*, who being offended by a Prince, whom she could not hate, cry'd to herself, 'Alas! with what Contempt has he rewarded my impertinent Curiosity? And yet what Tenderneſs do I feel for him? Surely he has bewitched me; for every Feature of him has gained a powerful Ascendant over my Heart.' These Thoughts, as well as the Adventure of the preceding Day, kept her without Rest all Night. Her Woman hearing her talk, as she lay in Bed, brought her

her a Light, by the help of which she wrote the following Letter

To the Duke of MAYNE.

‘ **I**T were but Justice, ungrateful Prince, if you
‘ had as bad a Night as myself, after your
‘ scornful Indifference to me Yesterday in the
‘ Afternoon. Your Highness pretends an Esteem
‘ for my Passion; and yet perhaps, you
‘ never so much as think of me. If you will
‘ take the Pains to merit my Heart, it certainly
‘ will be yours; for I see my capricious Stars
‘ will have it so. Yet mistake me not, I beseech
‘ you. I should be glad to join with
‘ you, in a solid and agreeable Friendship,
‘ seasoned with a Thousand innocent and easy
‘ Pleasures; but as for Love, it is a troublesome,
‘ uneasy Passion, which I have always
‘ avoided. Therefore, if your Designs are
‘ bent that Way, pray withdraw your Forces,
‘ and seek for a Heart that can suffer more
‘ than mine. You and I are all well at Home;
‘ and so let us continue where we are.

OLIDA.

This Letter was sent to the Duke as soon as it was Day; and the Baroness lay in Bed till one of her Women came to tell her, that Madam Maintenon was come to pay her a Visit.

‘ Lord! says the Baroneſs, riſing in haſte,
 ‘ what Buſineſs can that old Bigot have here?
 ‘ Her Converſation ſurely will run upon no-
 ‘ thing elſe but Mortification, and meritorious
 ‘ Works.’ Madam *Maintenon*, having with-
 out any Ceremony, ſtept in the Baroneſs’s
 Bedchamber, ſaid, ‘ Ah Madam, you are very
 ‘ ſleepy; I muſt give you ſome Tea or Coffee,
 ‘ to awaken your Spirits, which is much better
 ‘ than the Poppies and Opium your Phyſicians
 ‘ preſcribe for you.

‘ Madam, reply’d the Baroneſs, there’s no
 ‘ Neceſſity for it; I only ſlept to Day, later
 ‘ than ordinary. You look very penſive,
 ‘ ſays *Maintenon*, no Doubt but ſomebody
 ‘ has entrusted you with Affairs of Conſe-
 ‘ quence, that keeps your Thoughts thus em-
 ‘ ploy’d. Not at all, Madam, answered the
 ‘ Baroneſs with a melancholly Air. When I
 ‘ have the Honour of being in your Company,
 ‘ it is not to be ſuppoſed that I would trouble
 ‘ my Head with the State. Thoſe Fatigues,
 ‘ Madam, ſays *Maintenon*, ought to take up
 ‘ but little of your Time, whiſt the Affairs of
 ‘ one’s Heart are much more conſiderable.

‘ Your Ladyſhip is very preſſing, answered
 ‘ the Baroneſs ſmiling, to have a ſincere Ac-
 ‘ count of my moſt hidden Matters and Inten-
 ‘ tions. I own it, Madam, ſays *Maintenon*;
 ‘ I likewise know myſelf to be diſcreet, and
 ‘ believe I am capable of keeping a Secret.

‘ Then,

‘ Then, Madam, continued the Baronefs, I
‘ have no Secret to difclofe, and confequently,
‘ can have no Occafion for a Confident. There-
‘ fore, pray Madam, let us Difcourfe a little
‘ about your Affairs; and enquire how you
‘ manage it, to preferve your fair *Camilla*,
‘ whom, I hear, is admired by every Body?
‘ For certainly ſhe muſt have made more than
‘ one Conqueſt at Court.

‘ It is very true, reply’d *Maintenon*, mali-
‘ ciously; the young Lady is but too much be-
‘ loved every where: And it is ſaid, that his
‘ Highneſs the Duke of *Mayne* is deſperately
‘ taken with her.’ At this the Baronefs red-
‘ dened a little, and ſpoke not a Word more.
Madam *Maintenon*, being very curious, would
feign know the Cauſe of this Silence? To
which, the Baronefs reply’d in a negligent
Manner, ‘ That the Matter was very in-
‘ different to her; and therefore, would not
‘ give herſelf the Trouble of diſcourſing far-
‘ ther about it?’

Madam *Maintenon* being well acquainted
with the greateſt Secrets of her Heart, could
not forbear teizing her ſtill. ‘ Truly, Ma-
‘ dam, ſays ſhe, our famous *Camilla* makes
‘ a wonderful Noiſe at Court. The Baronefs,
‘ who was already greatly provoked at her
‘ Impertinence, asked her, if Mademoiſelle *de*
‘ *Nantes* could not be a Cheque to that aspir-
‘ ing Beauty? I know not that ſhe may,
F f 2 ‘ reply’d

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‘ reply’d *Maintenon*, but, I believe, she has got
 ‘ the Advantage of being pretty well assured
 ‘ of her Lover before-hand.

‘ As for my Part, reply’d the Baroneſs in a
 ‘ scornful Tone, I ſhould take but little Pains
 ‘ to ſecure to myſelf ſuch a rambling Spark as
 ‘ the Duke. He has Miſtreſſes in every Cor-
 ‘ ner: The Brown, Black, Fair; and what-
 ‘ ever they be, have Charms enough to engage
 ‘ him for a Day or two; and longer, you
 ‘ know he never cares for loving any Body.
 ‘ What would you require more, answered
 ‘ *Maintenon*, from a Prince, whoſe only Buſi-
 ‘ neſs is his Diverſion?

‘ I would have him, reply’d the Baroneſs,
 ‘ either reſolve to be conſtant, or pretend not
 ‘ to love at all. Where can you expect to
 ‘ meet with ſuch Lovers now-a-days? an-
 ‘ ſwered *Maintenon*. The Age we live in is
 ‘ as fickle, as thoſe who breath in it are un-
 ‘ conſtant. If Affairs be as you ſay, Madam,
 ‘ ſays the Baroneſs, for my Part, I ſhall wiſh
 ‘ to die a Maid; I am confident that is the
 ‘ ſureſt Way to enjoy Eaſe. Very well, Ma-
 ‘ dam, continued *Maintenon*; but, pray, of
 ‘ what uſe is Reaſon, when the Heart is once
 ‘ wounded? We grieve and groan, but are
 ‘ never the better; for it often happens, that
 ‘ whatever Oppoſition we make to this Paſ-
 ‘ ſion, it only gives us greater Deſires, and in-
 ‘ ſtead of leſſening, augments our Tortures.

‘ Ma-

‘ Madam, says the Baroness, ready to laugh ;
‘ when I was a Girl, I had an extravagant
‘ Passion for a young Cousin of mine, who
‘ was too nearly related, to marry him. My
‘ Mother observing our Familiarity, ordered
‘ me not to come near him ; which had no
‘ other Effect, than to increase my Inclination
‘ to see, or write to him.

‘ It is the Quality of Human Nature, Ma-
‘ dam, reply’d *Maintenon*, to desire that most,
‘ which is chiefly forbidden us ; and to reject and
‘ slight what we enjoy, and have in our Power.’
Whilst the Ladies were upon this Topick,
one of Madam *Maintenon*’s Pages came to
acquaint her, that his Majesty required her
Company immediately, which obliged her to
withdraw instantly.

The Baroness finding herself alone, re-
flected seriously upon all that *Maintenon* had
said to her. And after having strictly ex-
amined into the Duke of *Mayne*’s Conduct,
she immediately broke out into immoderate
Laughter ; and could not help saying to herself,
‘ That such a Lover as that, should never put
‘ her to the Expence of a Sigh : That a Man
‘ who could have an Intrigue in five or six
‘ Places at once, ought always to be suspected ;
‘ for that a rambling Humour, for the most
‘ Part, took Place with him, and not Con-
‘ stancy. Notwithstanding, this Faithless, and
‘ this unsettled Prince has a thousand Times
‘ sworn

‘ sworn to me, that he was born to love ; and
 ‘ that whenever he fixed his Attentions, it was
 ‘ with so much Sincerity, that he never desired
 ‘ to change.

‘ But, continued she, is there any likelihood
 ‘ of Truth in his Words, when we may see
 ‘ him change his Mistresses as often, as he can
 ‘ meet with any Thing to his Taste ? How-
 ‘ ever, if a little jealousy could have any In-
 ‘ fluence over his wandering Temper, or a-
 ‘ wake in him the least Remembrance of my
 ‘ Charms, for which he formerly professed a
 ‘ great Esteem, I then would make use
 ‘ of such an Opportunity, to obtain what I
 ‘ have always most ardently desired.’

These amorous Thoughts took up the Baro-
 ness’s Time till Night, when knowing that the
 Dauphin had prepared a magnificent Ball at
 Court ; she hasten’d thither in all imaginable
 Splendor and Brilliancy. She took her old
 Aunt with her for a Companion : This Lady,
 tho’ she was turned of Sixty, appeared, that
 Night as gay as if she had been in her Teens.

The Marchioness *de Borge*, for that was her
 Name, was one of those that stretch out their
 Youth to the greatest Extent. She was
 dress’d in Crimson Velvet, and an extravagant
 Sight of yellow Knots flowing on her Head.
 Her Nose was exceeding large ; her Eyes
 small, and her Mouth wide, even to her Ears ;
 her Complexion very fallow ; and daubed
 over

over in many Places with a better Colour. This surprizing old Coquette, retaining still some Taste of Gallantry, loved to be told that such an accomplished Gentleman languished for her.

But let us return to the Baroness *Olida*, her Niece and Companion, who sat next to her; and to whom the Count *de Tolouse*, made such a Love, that the Duke *de Chartres* thought himself immediately obliged to acquaint the Duke of *Mayne* thereof, and told him that his Fortress was attack'd. The Duke observing with what Inclination she endeavoured to raise his Jealousy, reply'd, 'I will not disturb them; let my Brother make his Advantage.' Then turning hastily about, he went and threw himself at the Feet of Mademoiselle *Bourbon*, who was as bright as an Angel; and, by her unaffected Negligence, eclipsed all the laborious Endeavours of the most ambitious of her Sex.

What a Torture must it have been to the Baroness, to see herself thus slighted! All she then could do, feigning herself indisposed, was to retire from the Company. Having with much ado, got Home, she fell into such a painful Agony, that it was impossible for her, at that Juncture, to determine what she must do. 'Shall I go to Bed, says she, when my Soul is so fired with an Affront from a Prince I always have so dearly loved? But what do
' I mean,

' I mean, to confide in a Man, whose Passion
 ' varies with the first Approaches of another
 ' of my Sex; and whose Affection is as un-
 ' constant, as his Indifference is cruel? No,
 ' I could never believe a Prince could be guilty
 ' of such volubility.'

With these sad Reflections, the Baroness
 thought to repose; but we may rather imagine,
 that she had the most cruel and persecuting
 Night, that Despair and Revenge would af-
 flict her with. The next Morning she took
 a firm Resolution, for the future, never to
 love, but with Indifference. Ha! cry'd she,
 ' raving both in Verse and Prose, ' Be still,
 ' my Sighs, you have caused me but too much
 ' Grief already, and my Heart is but too
 ' sensible of the Contempt and scorn of its
 ' Conqueror.'

To what End is this Impertinence?

Since my Ungrateful scorns me thus.

Be dumb, my Sighs, no more commence,

To reign; 'tis vain and tyrannous.

' I believe, Madam, says one of her Rela-
 ' tions who saw her write, you frequently con-
 ' verse with the Muses; and by the spriteliness
 ' of your Genius, often add to the Beauties of
 ' Parnassus. Apollo must have presented you
 ' with some Dozens of his Helicon, or you
 ' could not have been so harmoniously inspired.
 ' Alas!

‘ Alas! I know not what I do, dear Cousin,
‘ answer’d the afflicted Baronefs, happy must
‘ they be, that are out of this wicked World,
‘ or can avoid the Temptations of it. Why
‘ so, cry’d the young Lady, is there any Thing
‘ more engaging than human Society? You
‘ know not what you say, Dearest, reply’d
‘ the Baronefs, but go and fetch me my Head-
‘ Cloaths. How charming are you to-day,
‘ Madam! says the young Lady, as she help’d
‘ her to dress: You must undoubtedly make
‘ innumerable Conquests, with such various and
‘ powerful Artillery.

‘ Alas! answer’d the Baronefs, you are
‘ greatly deceiv’d; my Darts have no Force,
‘ my Heart is heavy, my Mind afflicted; and
‘ therefore not like to have Charms in my
‘ Eyes, nor Darts in my Tongue. What
‘ Pity, reply’d the young Creature sighing,
‘ that so fair a Mouth should not flow with
‘ Honey, or that such brilliant Eyes should
‘ be without Fire. *Mariana*, says the Baro-
‘ nefs, I think you will always continue a
‘ Buffoon. How can I help it, Madam, re-
‘ ply’d she, when it is entirely the Effect of
‘ Nature? I observe it, Dearest, says the Ba-
‘ ronefs; and having a Mind to divert herself
‘ a little, she desired her to entertain her with
‘ a Description of Love, tho’ she was no ex-
‘ traordinary Votary to his Godship.

‘ Madam, answer’d *Mariana*, with a smile,
VOL. I. G g ‘ I believe

' I believe you are more than you will care to
 ' confess. However, all I can say on that
 ' tender Subject is this : Since Love was first
 ' known, he has all along made it his chief
 ' Business, to let his Darts fly thro' the whole
 ' Universe. Sceptres and Crowns have not been
 ' free from his Chains ; nor are there any
 ' vital Creatures, that have not felt his Force.
 ' Nay, more ; his Darts are chiefly levell'd
 ' at the Innocent. The very Gods were never
 ' insensible of his Fury ; nor the Angels of his
 ' Sway. It is the most noble of all Passions.

' The Painters not being able to express his
 ' Eyes, lively enough by Colours, have al-
 ' ways chose to paint him blind. But how
 ' then could he perform such wonderful
 ' Conquests, without Sight ? However, that
 ' is easily answer'd, continued she ; for when
 ' Love has once a Mind to seize upon
 ' any Heart, he always makes use of some
 ' beautiful Lady's Eyes to wound it : Being
 ' persuaded, I suppose, that of all the Senses,
 ' Seeing is the most delightful.

' But to avoid further Reasoning, let us
 ' affirm, that Blindness can never arrive at any
 ' great Knowledge ; the Eyes being the Win-
 ' dows that let in the Light of Wisdom and
 ' Understanding. Moreover, it is commonly
 ' said, that Love is a Boy ; yet all must
 ' allow him to be the most successful Con-
 ' queror, and the most learned Philosopher ;
 ' since

‘ since he not only triumphs over Mankind,
‘ but likewise confounds the most solid Reason-
‘ ing, and sublime Discourses. Besides all
‘ this, is there any thing so pleasant, and so
‘ conformable to Reason, as an innocent Pas-
‘ sion ? And what Happiness could any Mor-
‘ tals enjoy, if Love was once banish’d from
‘ our Globe ? All other Pleasures are but its
‘ Attendants ; and Life without that Passion,
‘ would be no better than the most cruel Tor-
‘ ments.’

‘ How wonderful are thy Notions, *Mari-
‘ riana* ? says the Baroness ; you revive Flames
‘ in my Heart, which once I thought extin-
‘ guished. You abuse yourself, Madam, re-
‘ ply’d the young Lady : Love while you are
‘ young ; your Charms cannot last always.
‘ You say right, Dearest, answer’d the Baroness.
‘ However, I would love like a Philosopher ;
‘ that is, only what is present ; and that too,
‘ but with Indifference. Ay ! your Ladyship
‘ is full of *Finesse*, I find, reply’d *Mariana*.
‘ I thought before, that your Tongue dissem-
‘ bled the Sentiments of your Heart.

‘ Away Fool, cry’d the Baroness. Adieu.
‘ I must leave you. But why in such Haste,
‘ Madam, answer’d *Mariana*, stopping her,
‘ whither are you going ? What makes you
‘ sigh, when you are so lovely ? Sure such an
‘ accomplish’d Beauty ought never to languish,
‘ Yes, Dearest, reply’d the Baroness, looking

‘ back upon her ; Love makes no Distinction
 ‘ betwixt the Fair and Ugly. A King may
 ‘ as well languish on his Throne, as a Shep-
 ‘ herd in his Cottage, for —’

Whilst the Baroness was thus going on, the
 Abbot of *Jolicœur* enter’d, and interrupted
 her : ‘ My Lord Abbot, says she, you are
 ‘ come in good Time, *Mariana* was just en-
 ‘ tertaining me with Trifles, which, she thinks,
 ‘ a Woman can never be engaged in, without
 ‘ Concern. How ! cry’d the Abbot ; What
 ‘ says this lovely Charmer ? Sure then, she
 ‘ was entertaining your Ladyship with Love.
 ‘ Yes, that was the very Thing, says the Baro-
 ‘ ness. Her Tongue is eternally running on
 ‘ that Subject. She does well, reply’d the
 ‘ Abbot, for it is the greatest Comfort of our
 ‘ Lives.

The Baroness growing sensibly affected with
 the Abbot’s Address, retir’d immediately into
 her Closet, and threw herself upon a Settee,
 whither the sighing Abbot follow’d her ; and
 trembling as he approached, told her with a
 mournful Air, ‘ That he was but too unhappy
 ‘ in being so subject to the Temptations of a
 ‘ beautiful Woman’s Eyes ; adding, that his
 ‘ Misery was the greater, in that his Function
 ‘ permitted him to go no farther than his Bre-
 ‘ viary. How ! reply’d the Baroness, smiling ;
 ‘ your Breviary, sure, is no Woman ? That
 ‘ is certain, Madam, answer’d the Abbot,
 ‘ yet

‘ yet notwithstanding, *Lent* is strictly com-
‘ manded therein.

‘ But pray, my Lord, rejoin’d the Lady,
‘ taking him by the Hand, tell me, if your
‘ Misfortune should proceed so far, as to Oc-
‘ casion a Woman of some Quality to confess
‘ she loved you; I beseech to know what you
‘ would do? Would you immediately hang
‘ yourself in her Garters.

‘ Is it possible, Madam, reply’d *Folicæur*,
‘ that your Ladyship should be so unacquainted
‘ with my Sincerity? It is more certain that I
‘ should love her ten Thousand Times better
‘ than myself. Enough, says the Baroness;
‘ you shall be farther consider’d hereafter.

Folicæur, forgetting *Lent*, instantly throws
himself at the Baroness’s Feet; and afterwards,
boldly advanced to her Embraces. What they
did besides, we were not privy to, but leave
those who have fasted long, to guess, while we
return to the Duke of *Mayne*, who gave him-
self no Uneasiness about any Mistresses, ex-
cept the fair *Camilla*, then under the Care of
Madam *Maintenon*. The Prince saw the lovely
Object of his most tender Thoughts but sel-
dom, which was the chief Cause of all his
Grief. But a Marriage being proposed be-
tween him and Mademoiselle *de Bourbon*, the
Prince of *Condé*’s Daughter, most of his
amorous Ideas were soon forgotten.

This Marriage being soon consummated, his
Highness,

Highness, for some Time, was conformable to the Laws of *Hymen* : After which the King reflecting, that one of his Daughters was still unmarried; *Lewis* resolv'd to bestow her on the Duke of *Chartres*, his Nephew; because a certain Lord had inform'd his Majesty that the Duke was desperately in Love with *Mamoiselle de Nantes*, the Duke of *Mayne's* Sister.

The King being resolv'd to turn these amorous Scales, and meeting the Duke of *Chartres*, one Day, with his Father the Duke of *Orleans*, in his Clofset, he talk'd to him pressingly about the Affair, but the Father would not agree to the Match; declaring, ' That, ' for his Part, he never would consent that his ' only Son should marry a Bastard. To whom ' then would you marry him, reply'd the ' King? to some *German* Princess? I regard ' not, says *Orleans*, provided she be lawfully ' begotten. You must pass by these trifling ' Obstacles, says *Lewis*, and remember that ' she is the most lovely, and most beautiful ' Princess in *Europe*.

' I do not pretend, Sire, reply'd the Duke ' of *Orleans*, to dispute her Beauty with your ' Majesty. You dispute her Birth only, says the ' King with some Warmth, oblige me not to ' use my Authority: And let it suffice that he ' he has an ordinary Kindness for my Daughter.'

The Duke of *Orleans* being one of the best natur'd, but none of the wisest Princes in *Europe*;

Europe, soon suffer'd himself to be overpersuaded by *Lewis*; insomuch that on that very Night the Contract was sign'd between him and the Princess *de Nantes*, without the Dutches of *Orleans's* Privity; who when she came to hear of it, rais'd a terrible Storm, and express'd her Indignation thus.

'What! says she, have I prevented my Daughter's Marriage with the Duke of *Mayne*, and must his Sister come in her Place.' These are some of the King's laudable Actions, who never yet had any Consideration but his Will! Whilst the Dutches was tormenting herself in this Manner, her Son's Marriage went on apace, which being at length perfected, the Dutches of *Chartres* would pay her Duty to her Mother-in-Law, who received her very coldly; and besides, told her with a great deal of Contempt, 'That she could have easily dispensed with such a Visit; and that so mean a Person as she, must never think to disturb her in her Retirement.'

Very well might the Dutches of *Chartres* resent such a Compliment.; however, some Days had pass'd before she told her Husband of it. He made her as easy as he could, and endeavour'd to excuse his Mother's Conduct. But the Duke of *Mayne* hearing of the Affair, was highly affronted at the Dutches's haughty Carriage, as well in Regard to his Sister, as himself,

himself, that it was a considerable while before he could be prevail'd upon to appear at Court.

Notwithstanding that he was married, he never could get the fair *Camilla* out of his Thoughts. It was no difficult Task for him to have frequent Access to her; Madam *Maintenon*, her Governess, being the principal Confident of his Amour with her: Before the King had fix'd on this Lady for his Mistress, she was Governess to Mademoiselle *de Tours*, and Mademoiselle *de Nantes*, and to the Count of *Toulouse*; who were the King's natural Children, by Madam *Montespagne*.

All these Considerations were more than sufficient, to engage the superior of St. *Cir* in the Duke of *Mayne*'s Interest. Here it was necessary for a Prince so gallant and mysterious as his most serene Highness, to have a Confident, discreet and intriguing, like the sage *Maintenon*. This Lady, therefore, perceiving how tenderly he loved the young *Camilla*, after having endeavour'd, by many Arguments, to convince him of his Conjugal Tie, she at length resolved privately to allow him a Sight of this charming Creature.

St. *Cir* was pitch'd upon for the Place of Rendezvous. One Day, as he was at Dinner with his Dutches, a sudden Thought came into his Mind, and to St. *Cir* he must go: Whereupon his Wife ask'd him seriously,
 ' What

‘ What Pleasure he could find in that Place?
‘ Ah, Madam, reply’d he, the Charms I
‘ there meet with, are ravishing Innocence,
‘ and a most enchanting Tranquillity; inso-
‘ much, that I cannot forbear approving of
‘ the Situation of that House, which is much
‘ finer, than that of the Invalids, or the Gen-
‘ tlemen’s Academies. Besides, we may there
‘ see a great Number of fine young Ladies,
‘ whom the King has placed under the Con-
‘ duct of a Person of eminent Virtue.

‘ But, Prince, will you swear —— reply’d
‘ the Dutchess? Having from the Earnestness
‘ he express’d, some Reasons to distrust; for
‘ I cannot be a little jealous at your going so
‘ often to a Place, where I know you have no
‘ Business. Madam, answer’d the Duke, can
‘ you suspect me of so base an Action? Lov-
‘ ing you so tenderly as I do, answer’d the
‘ Dutchess, I do not suspect; however, I
‘ cannot but —— Ah! Madam, cry’d the
‘ Duke, embracing her, can you then believe
‘ me capable of falsifying my Faith to you?
‘ Not altogether, reply’d the Dutchess; but
‘ in Part I must distrust you. And if you
‘ should injure me, sure in that you would
‘ only follow the Example of the Great *Lewis*,
‘ your Father, who never yet made any scruple
‘ of breaking his Marriage Vows. I am
‘ not like my Father, in that particular, Ma-
‘ dam, answer’d *Mayne* coldly. No Matter,
‘ says the Dutchess, leaving him. I must go
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‘ and entertain a Lady that is just come to
 ‘ visit me: Prince, you are at Liberty; you
 ‘ may act your Pleasure.’

The Duke seeing that his Wife was gone, lost no Time, but posted to St. Cir, where on his Arrival, he immediately enquir’d for the Lady Governess; and was soon conducted to her Apartment; and from thence as speedily by Madam *Maintenon*, to *Camilla*’s Chamber, whom they found busy in embroidering both in Gold and Silver. The Duke first address’d himself to Madam *Maintenon*, whom he complimented on her Conduct in Domestick Affairs; and told her, ‘ That if she had liv’d in
 ‘ the Time of the Ancient *Roman*’s, she would
 ‘ certainly have had the Education of all the
 ‘ Senator’s Daughters; and consequently receive’d great Honours and Advantages from
 ‘ that wise Common-Wealth.’

‘ Your Highness, reply’d the Governess, is
 ‘ always pleas’d to regale me with an Account
 ‘ of my Defects. Say rather your Virtues,
 ‘ Madam, answer’d the Duke, levelling at
 ‘ the same Time a passionate Glance at his
 ‘ Mistress, who kept working on, without
 ‘ once looking up. My Prince, reply’d *Maintenon*,
 ‘ to prevent Ill, is as great a Virtue as
 ‘ to redress it; and in that, I shall endeavour
 ‘ to exercise myself: But I must beg your
 ‘ Highness’s Pardon for a Moment, the necessary
 ‘ Affairs of the Family require my so
 ‘ doing.’

The

The Duke of *Mayne* being now all alone with his beloved *Camilla*, ' How happy, ' dearest Creature, am I, says he, to meet so ' charming a Person, in a Place, so much ' favour'd by Nature ! Observing her Cypher ' on the Top of her Cabinet, he cry'd out ' sighing, ye Gods ! is there any thing more ' engaging, or better fancy'd ? But, continued ' he, would it not be much more agreeable, ' if my Name were added to it ?

' Sir, reply'd *Camilla*, smiling, if your ' Highness's Pleasure had been known sooner, ' we would have seen what might have been ' done. Oh ! bewitching Creature, cry'd the ' Duke, throwing himself at her Feet, you ' are exceedingly good. Is it possible your ' Heart should ever correspond with your ' Words ? Upon this, the fair Nymph blush'd, ' and only answer'd with a Sigh, to what must ' I attribute this Silence, Madam ? continued ' the Duke, must I explain it in my Favour, ' or receive it for my Doom ? Do as you ' please, Sir, answer'd *Camilla* fearfully. How ! ' reply'd the Duke all on Fire : Am I then ' so happy ? Give me but thy dear Hand, and ' I will confirm my sincere Regard with my ' Lips.' He took hold of her Hand and held it close to his Lips for about a Quarter of an Hour, and then released it, with this Declaration : ' When I neglect any thing to convince you of my Esteem, may I never more

' deserve your Encouragement ; and therefore,
 ' Dearest, permit me but to make use of this
 ' happy Moment, to inform you of the Con-
 ' quest you have gain'd over my Heart ; and
 ' then I shall reach the utmost Heighth of
 ' Happiness.'

' Wonder not, Dearest of Charmers, con-
 ' tinued he, striving to kiss her, if I ravish
 ' a Blessing from these lovely Lips, for I am
 ' all Fire, when I behold you ; and when I do
 ' not, your bare Memory furnishes me with
 ' severe Proofs of your Absence.

' My good Prince, reply'd the Nymph,
 ' Men have made it their Study to deceive us
 ' poor Women ; they lead us into Snares,
 ' which they carefully avoid themselves. A-
 ' las ! Madam, answer'd the Duke sighing,
 ' in adoring so bright a Creature, I would run
 ' all Hazards : It is what I have already be-
 ' gun, and which I will endeavour to effect,
 ' at the Expence of my Life. But Sir, says
 ' *Camilla*, all this while your Highness forgets
 ' your Marriage Vow. I would fain know
 ' what Advantage can any Woman expect,
 ' from doting on one, who must reasonably
 ' be supposed to be another's ?

' Oh good God, answer'd the Prince ; if I
 ' had so much Power over my Destiny as to
 ' be altogether yours, I should have been tru-
 ' ly happy. But ——— Quarrel not with your
 ' Lot, Prince, reply'd *Camilla* briskly, you
 ' might

‘ might not have been so happy, perhaps,
‘ as you imagine. Why so, lovely Angel,
‘ says the Prince in a melancholly Mood?
‘ For Pity’s Sake, give me your Reason.
‘ My Lord, answer’d *Camilla*, I am by no
‘ Means endued with any of those distin-
‘ guishing Qualities you expect ; for I am
‘ apt to be jealous ; and have also a strong
‘ Tincture of Indifference, and but too fre-
‘ quently out of Temper. All this is nothing,
‘ bright Angel, reply’d the Duke ; for per-
‘ haps some kind Planet may move in my
‘ Favour, and one Time or other make you
‘ more tender hearted. Your Highness is a
‘ little too vain, in my Opinion, says the fair
‘ *Camilla* smiling, which however is not alto-
‘ gether unbecoming a Person of your Quality :
‘ And when you shall no longer be lock’d up
‘ in *Hymen’s* Fetters, it may be that my Heart
‘ may dictate otherwise to me.’

‘ How endearing are these Expressions, Ma-
‘ dam, says the Duke ! But alas, adds he with
‘ an amorous Air, these Blessings are but ima-
‘ ginary, and I would have them real.’ *Ca-*
milla, who read the Duke’s Passion in his Eyes,
was silent for some Time ; at last says she,
‘ My Prince, I must not wholly abandon you
‘ to your tender Reflections ; I observe you
‘ uneasy, melancholly, and bury’d, as it were,
‘ in an Excess of Thought. What would you
‘ have me say ? charming Creature, reply’d
‘ the

' the Duke, you will not own you love.
 ' Who told you so ? says *Camilla*, ready to
 ' laugh. Yourself, cruel Fair, answer'd *Mayne*.
 But alas ! it was now Time for *Madam*
Maintenon to return : Whereupon, the young
 Lady being just ready to shipwreck her Re-
 putation, hearing her Governess's Voice, ha-
 stily took up her Fan, to refresh her Counte-
 nance, which, you may be sure, had been
 sufficiently heated, in refusing what she most
 desired.

Madam Maintenon being always inclin'd to
 favour the Prince's Amours, said not one Word
 to her ; nor seem'd in the least to take any No-
 tice of what she had seen ; but as a kind in-
 dulent Friend, presently turn'd the Discourse
 to some other Subject.

The Duke of *Mayne* seeing, at last, that
 Night came on apace, he took Leave, and
 hastned to his Consort, who, with great Im-
 patience, expected his Return home. The
 Duke had no sooner enter'd his Apartment,
 but the Dutches ask'd him with Sorrow,
 ' Where he had been so long from her ? With
 ' my Mistress, Child, reply'd he merrily, I
 ' could not possibly get away from her till
 ' now. I have known many a true Word
 ' spoken in Jest, says the Wife ; but pray,
 ' what is that Beauty which has so great an
 ' Influence over you ? I know none charming
 ' enough

‘ enough about Court, therefore, it must surely
‘ be one of Madam *Maintenon’s* Seraglio.

The Duke, hereupon, blush’d, and said nothing, which confirm’d the jealous Dutchess in the bad Opinion she had of his Conduct; and judging it to be to no Purpose, she said no more to him at that Time, but left the Room. At Supper, she renew’d her Reproaches, to as little Effect as before; for her Husband had scarce Patience to hear three Words, when he took a Candle and retired to his Chamber, leaving his unhappy Wife, to drown her Grief in Tears.

Next Day, the Duke went a hunting with the Dauphin; and at his Return, directly visited his bright *Camilla*, who, already, had begun to long for his coming. This Prince continued diverting himself in this Manner, for a whole Week, without speaking to his Dutchess. His Sullenness on this Occasion, was unparallell’d, which oblig’d her to complain to the Prince of *Condé*, her Father, who was for acquainting the King with it, but she earnestly entreated him not; alledging ‘ That her Mis-
‘ fortunes then, might reach too far, when
‘ they should rather be stifled and suppress’d,
‘ he being but young; and therefore, likely
‘ to see his Error in a short Time.

‘ Madam, reply’d the Prince, I would fain
‘ know who this Lady is, that presumes to
‘ encroach upon your Right? Sir, I cannot
‘ satisfy

' satisfy you as yet in that particular ; but I
 ' have Reason to suspect, Madam *Maintenon*
 ' to be the Cause. She never yet wanted Fuel
 ' to feed a volatile Flame with ; and has
 ' wherewithal, under her Tuition, to Oc-
 ' casion endless Jealousies : Besides, I never
 ' could fancy that House to be so very free from
 ' Vice, as is commonly imagined. O Hea-
 ' vens ! cry'd the Prince, you certainly do her
 ' a great deal of Wrong : Can you think she
 ' would encourage Vice, in a Place which is
 ' consecrated to Virtue ? Ah ! Sir, replies the
 ' Dutchess, I am but too well acquainted with
 ' her Genius ; I know her to be but too great
 ' a Lover of Intrigues, and that the holy
 ' Habit she wears, serves to disguise her Hy-
 ' pocricy the better.

' Madam, answer'd the Prince, I can be-
 ' lieve nothing of the Matter ; therefore, en-
 ' deavour to settle your Disturbances, and
 ' resolve ——— Ha ! what Sir ? will you
 ' not believe it then ? reply'd the Dutchess.
 ' A little Time will clear all, and evince the
 ' the Truth ; and Heavens grant that I prove
 ' not a Prophetess to my own Cost.

The Prince of *Condé* being desirous of fur-
 ther Information relating to the Affair, he
 he went to the Duke of *Bourbon's*, his Son,
 of whom he ask'd, smiling, ' If *St. Cir* had any
 ' Beauties capable of charming a Prince ? It
 ' certainly has, Sir, reply'd the Duke ; there
 ' are

are some, even fit to engage a God, especially one, who is wonderfully fair, and whom it is impossible to see, without raising a Flame; and for my Part, I never yet beheld a Woman so worthy of a lasting Amour. How? says the Prince, rubbing his Forehead, What is her Name? Mademoiselle *de ———* answer'd the Duke, she is more beautiful than an Angel, and no less charming than a Cherubin.

I have heard say, continu'd the Duke, that she is engaged to a young Prince about the Court. It is true, reply'd *Bourbon*, and the Duke of *Mayne* is the Man. No sure, says the Prince; he who was so lately married, how can he think already of an Amour? I'll go make a visit to Madam *Maintenon*, and perhaps may see this Beauty of St. *Cir's*. The Prince being arriv'd at the Monastery, *Maintenon* waited on him; and his Highness having signified to her that he would be glad to see *Camilla*, his Request could not be refused, and the young Lady was sent for; and soon made good the Character the Duke of *Bourbon* had given of her, which occasion'd the Prince to address himself to her thus.

Madam, *Fame*, the common Flatterer of Mankind, has approv'd himself very much your Enemy; for tho' she has publish'd a surprising Account of your rare Qualities, yet upon a nearer View, we find how short

‘ she has fallen in her Report; and that you
 ‘ are a Thousand Times more deserving than
 ‘ she has represented you.’ *Camilla* answer’d
 his Highness with so engaging an Air, that
 even the Prince of *Condé*, old as he was,
 felt the Force of her Charms. A few Days
 after, he told his Son, the Duke of *Bourbon*,
 that he could no longer be displeas’d with
Mayne’s Passion for so beautiful a Creature.
 Alas! added he, with a deal of Concern, if
 I myself were to see her often, she would in-
 fallibly draw me under the Love-Dilemma.

The Princess, all this while, pass’d her Time
 away very uneasy, and did nothing but weep
 and complain of her wretched Fate. At
 length, perceiving she could gain nothing on her
 Husband, by reproaching him for his Amours;
 she gave him full Liberty to act as he pleas’d;
 whereupon his Highness grew daily more and
 more careless of *Camilla*; which this fair one
 perceiving, immediately resolv’d to marry the
 Marquis of *Verveille* who made Love to her.
 The Duke of *Mayne* was so far from opposing
 this Match, that the Marquis being his inti-
 mate Friend, he undertook the Office of giv-
 ing her away as Father. This was joyful
 News for the Dutchess of *Mayne*; who, by
 these Means, found herself deliver’d from the
 Motives of all future Distrust and Jealousy of
 her Husband; and she proving soon after with
 Child, his Highness deserted all his Amours,
 and

and constantly diverted himself at home with his own Wife, without having any further Regard for the Ladies; which gave great Satisfaction to old *Lewis*, and restored a perfect Harmony among all the Princes of the Blood, as well those lawfully begotten, as not.

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